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LORD SALISBURY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

LORD SALISBURY, speaking at the Mansion House on Wednesday, had before him, among the day's news, one of the most encouraging events in a minor way that any statesman could well have. The ludicrous and almost incredible collapse of the Separatist opposition to the HOME SECRETARY in Birmingham fills up with a kind of *gloria* the cup of Gladstonian humiliation. "Est-il complet, ce désastre? Est-il artistiquement complet?" said a great Frenchman with rueful jocularity in regard to the woes of himself and his country in 1870. The overthrow of the Gladstone-Parnellite party in England would perhaps have lacked something in artistic completeness if no such opposition had been attempted, or if it had resulted in something less ignominiously absurd than the proceedings of the unfortunate Mr. Cook. The sole consolation of Mr. Cook's party appears to lie in fishing out utterances of the successful candidate in days when he was a Home Ruler or a coquetter with Home Rule. Mr. MATTHEWS (of whom no one can, of course, think much the better for these middle-aged faults of his) has wisely hitherto said nothing about them. He might plead that 1868 and 1886 differ in many other things besides the order of the figures; that eighteen, or even twelve, years is a long time; and (which is true enough) that the nondescript and feeble plant known as Mr. BUTT's Home Rule had next to nothing in common with the tree-rooted in treason, stemmed with robbery and outrage, and blossoming into murder—under the branches whereof Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, with their parties, delight to gather. But his wisest course, if he spoke at all, would be to adopt a more sufficient, if more cynical, pleading, and to urge, in well-known words, that because he was a fool eighteen years ago it does not follow that he need be a fool to-day.

There is no imputation on the present or recent soundness of the HOME SECRETARY's Unionism, and certainly there is no reason for any Unionist to quarrel with Lord SALISBURY's speech of Wednesday. The good taste of his general references to the election, the result of which was to place him in the position he occupies, has been generally acknowledged, and the reference to the overwhelming Conservative victory in the capital was certainly not overdone. If Lord ROSEBURY found himself singled out from his colleagues for friendly mention, that could not be helped. But there is no doubt that what everybody looked for in the speech was the reference to Ireland, and the reference to Ireland ought to have been satisfactory to all but Gladstonians. It would, indeed, not be easy to define the duty of government better than as the duty of "freeing loyal subjects from constraint." Practically, the difference between a savage and a civilized nation on the one hand, between freedom and tyranny on the other, lies exactly in this fact, that the free and civilized human being is, or ought to be, certain of protection from molestation in living his life and going about his business. It has been the object for years of a powerful organization in Ireland to substitute for this protection from constraint a constraint of the most odious character, and it was, if not the avowed purpose, yet the certain tendency, of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent schemes to make that constraint more odious and more stringent. As for the political question, Lord SALISBURY's formula that the verdict of the English people against the establishment of an independent Government is final may be objected to by those who doubt the

finality of any verdict delivered by large bodies of men. It is certain that, as far as the Government which Lord SALISBURY represents is concerned, the verdict is accepted as final, and beyond that no one can go. That the abominable tyranny now exercised over three parts of Ireland—a tyranny infinitely more abominable than any amount of faction-fighting or rioting, bad as are both of these things—must be stopped, and that all plans and nostrums for the government of Ireland must start from the general principle, No scheme of independent government for Ireland is possible or admissible:—those are undoubtedly the two soundest positions that any English Prime Minister can take up. The garment, no doubt, has got to be sewn, but it could not be better cut out.

The disappointment of the English Home Rule party, who hoped either for signs of vacillation in Lord SALISBURY's attitude or for expressions positively favourable to Home Rule, has found vent in prophecies, not particularly confident, that the Government will soon change its tune. This is of itself a confession that the tune at present is uncompromisingly Unionist. It would no doubt be vain to attempt to imbue the minds of such persons with a more favourable opinion of Ministerial consistency or sincerity. But it may be pointed out, from the lowest and most business-like point of view, that vacillation on the part of Lord SALISBURY's Government on this point is in the highest degree improbable, as indeed it has been from the first development of the split in the Liberal party. Take the conception of the PRIME MINISTER, which is most agreeable to the Gladstonian mind, as of a person who, with some parts, is alike destitute of tenacity and veracity, and who is partly led, partly driven by a malignant and Puckish spirit called Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This imaginary being, or pair of beings, is *ex hypothesi* immoral, but not entirely idiotic. It would be, of course, restrained by no moral considerations from adopting Home Rule or anything else. But there are other considerations which its reasonably active intelligence, if not its lamentably torpid morality, would have to recognize. Lord SALISBURY knows very well that any conspiracy with Mr. PARNELL, even any repetition of the inactive policy of last year, would lose him most of the brains and nearly all the character represented in his party. Nor would Conservative sheep, disgusted by any such action or inaction, be, as not long ago they might have been, without a shepherd. The formation of the Liberal Unionist party, consisting to a large extent of the most moderate as well as of the ablest Liberals, affords a rallying place which would be sought all the more willingly because the large reinforcements which Conservatism has received of late years consist in no small degree of men who not many years ago (when Liberalism meant something else than lackeying Mr. GLADSTONE) would have been, and in not a few cases were, Liberals. With the two-handed engine of the HARTINGTON-CHAMBERLAIN party waiting at the door ready to strike as soon as any fatal blunder is committed, the present leaders of the Conservative party are exceedingly unlikely, even taking them at their adversaries' valuation, to commit such a blunder. It is needless to say that there are many other and better reasons for coming to the same conclusion; but it is always well to take things at their worst. Even the Welsh shopkeeper who, according to an interesting letter in this week's *Guardian*, regards Mr. GLADSTONE as acting and speaking under the immediate operation of the Third Person of the Trinity could hardly reject the above argument as based on a too favourable estimate of the

character of Mr. GLADSTONE's rivals. The policy in Ireland which Lord SALISBURY indicated has yet to be arranged; the policy abroad, which he also promised, and which is the next point of great importance, has fortunately to be continued and confirmed only, not to be begun. The unprecedented spectacle of three English Foreign Secretaries persevering in the same line of conduct, and the spectacle, if not unprecedented, yet not seen for many years, of a Liberal Government holding office without abandoning any English interest, have already, it seems, produced some effect abroad. If the tradition lasts a little longer, England may cease to be a *quantité négligeable* in Continental councils whenever she is not herself directly concerned, and sometimes when she is. If a similar tradition with regard to what Mr. GLADSTONE in his latest phase probably regards as a part of foreign policy—the affairs of Ireland—could be brought about, the Irish question would be in a fair way towards settlement. And, crazy as such a hope may appear, it is at least supported by the fact that, when Mr. GLADSTONE is put aside, the Unionist Alliance includes almost every man of both parties who, unless Englishmen suddenly go mad, can hope to be a Prime Minister.

A NEW DOWNING STREET.

NOW that Lord COLERIDGE has refused to put the critics of the Ordnance Department to silence until it is proved that they have published libels, it has become almost a matter of course that the War Office should adopt the one obvious way of silencing them, which is to prove, if possible, that they are mistaken or malignant. It is a scandalous, though on one supposition easily explicable, thing that this task should be left undone until a Judge has reminded the world that it is not only the right but the duty of every subject who has the power to denounce, and, if he can, to stop, waste of public money and flagrant mismanagement of the country's property. No doubt any man who openly does this, and does it—as from the nature of the case he needs must—by accusing this or that official or contractor of misconduct, does so at his own risk and peril. He must be prepared to face an action for criminal libel. But, though he must incur this danger, it does not follow that before he is proved guilty of libel he is to be debarred from repeating statements which have not yet been shown to be libellous. Therefore Captain ARMIT may for the present continue to reassert what he believes to be the truth as to the relations between the Elswick firm and the Ordnance Department. That firm meanwhile has had dealings with official persons for so long that it has come to take an official view of criticism. What that is may be read between the lines of the department's case as put forth by the "Commissioner" of the *Daily News*. His paper, we observe with pleasure, has on reflection come to understand that Colonel HOPE's position in the world is of itself enough to entitle him to the kind of hearing he claims. It is an intense dislike of all criticism, and a firm belief that outsiders daring to question the wisdom and integrity of the departments ought to be suppressed. As Lord COLERIDGE has explained, this is not the view of the law, which indeed has quite other opinions. We have long maintained that it is not the view of common sense, and therefore welcome this preliminary decision in what promises to be the great case of *ARMSTRONG and Others v. ARMIT and Others*. It will startle a good many people hitherto too busy about other things, or too indifferent to care much about the matter, into realizing the fact that there is at least a *prima facie* case for an inquiry into the working of the Ordnance Department and of much else.

The conviction having spread so rapidly as it has recently done, the Ministry should find it easy to take the work of inquiry in hand. That it is their duty to do so we hardly think it necessary to prove for the fiftieth time. There are the accusations of corruption brought by responsible men on the one hand, and on the other the outward and visible signs of failure in the shape of bad bayonets, bad swords, bad cartridges, bad guns, and, it may be added, bad ships. The statement of the case is, or ought to be, enough. That it is the interest of the Ministry to inquire is easy to prove. The Conservative party claims, and, as all men who know the history of the last fifty years must acknowledge, claims with justice, to be an administrative party, to be the party of good financiers who can do more than make away with surpluses in a showy manner, of good heads of departments, and good men of business. It has an excellent opportunity of showing that it has

not lost its right to the character. In all this dispute it has had no share, and comes to deal with it with free hands; and not only that, but with a good recent record for honesty of purpose in naval administration. If the inquiry cannot be held without a tacit condemnation of the last Ministry, we really fail to see why the Conservatives should be called upon to hold their hand for fear they should seem to be seeking for a merely party advantage. If the interests of the country and the interests of the Conservatives coincide so perfectly in this matter, whose fault is that? So much the better for the one and the worse for the other of the two parties. We see no reason why the fear of hurting Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's fine feelings should cause a man even of the most delicate sensibility to hang back. But, indeed, there is no great risk that the loving-kindness of either party for the other will greatly damage the public service. Whatever opposition there is to the holding of any inquiry—and the experience of the past is there to show that there will be opposition—may be expected to come from the persons who have been so successful hitherto in burking all proper investigation. Mr. W. H. SMITH will have to fight with permanent officials in Downing Street, if he has to fight with anybody, before a Royal Commission is set on foot. The arguments they will use have already been published by that obliging person the reporter of the *Daily News*. They will point out that Colonel HOPE hates the War Office, and therefore finds it sinful. To this the new Secretary of State ought to reply that the permanent officials may conceivably be putting the cause for the effect, and that Colonel HOPE may have found the War Office sinful, and therefore hated it. Again, they will point out that Colonel HOPE has only accused one officer openly by name, and this was fourteen years ago, and therefore an old business. To this a man of much less than Mr. SMITH's sagacity would naturally reply by showing how Colonel HOPE got no good by naming his officer before, and is, therefore, resolved not to do it again without guarantees, which, when circumstantial evidence is in his favour, is a reason why guarantees should be given him. It will be a favourite argument with the opponents of all inquiry that the misdeeds pointed out by Colonel HOPE are "things of the past." The iron and steel controversy happened long ago, and the business of the bad bayonets was inquired into in Parliament last Session; and, as both are settled, why go into them again? There would seem to be some misunderstanding in the minds of the permanent officials as to the real issue in the dispute. The question is not whether a wrong decision was made in the iron and steel question, or whether the bayonets were or were not bad. These things have been settled by practical tests. What is asserted now is that the errors of the Ordnance Department were not mere errors of judgment, but were due to certain defects in character and organization which have never been remedied, and are, therefore, still capable of producing similar bad consequences. It is also alleged that the bad bayonets were inflicted on the country in consequence of a distinct act of corruption. Now these things have not been made subjects of inquiry in Parliament, and therefore the argued-out-and-settled-long-ago argument has no bearing on the matter in dispute. The SECRETARY of STATE for WAR ought to have an easy task in pointing out the very illogical position of the opponents of investigation. If the departments are immaculate they need not fear inquiry, and have no ground whatever for arguing that the country should not ask how its business is done. But they are opposed to inquiry, and therefore are supplying their critics with the best possible reason for thinking that investigation should no longer be delayed.

Taking the Ordnance Department as a starting-point, the Conservative Ministry will have a good opportunity for trying to give the country that "New Downing Street" which Mr. CARLYLE asked for in vain so long ago. It is not only Woolwich which seems to be in great need of a thorough overhaul. Within the last week a correspondent of the *Times* has stated at some length his reasons for believing that the new system of dockyard management, which is barely a year old, has already proved a failure. According to his statements, the chief result of the reform has been to increase the friction in the working of the yards, and to lead to continual interference by one branch with the doings of the others. There is more writing of despatches, more filling up of blue forms, more red (or rather blue) tape than ever. It is absurd, and even more disgusting than absurd, that we should be called upon to reform a reformation in its very infancy. Still, it is only too likely that the well-meant changes of last year have in

fact only led to the addition of one wheel more to an already too complicated official machinery. Our administrative reforms lead too commonly only to the appointment of more officials, and the consequent increase of correspondence for the sake of corresponding. It will be a patriotic and, from the merely party point of view, wise act on the part of the Conservative Ministry if it sets about an overhaul of the departments as a whole, with the distinct understanding that the vested interests of superior officials are not to be allowed to stand in the way of a simplification of the machinery.

THE MACKENZIE MEMORANDUM.

THE publication of Mr. MACKENZIE'S Memorandum on the government of South Africa recalls to the general memory subjects of anxiety which have been temporarily overlooked. Something may perhaps have been gained by a short intermission of controversies which nevertheless still require settlement. No party in England is pledged to any definite scheme of South African policy, and all the conflicting interests of those regions may be dispassionately considered. Mr. MACKENZIE'S experience as a missionary, an active local politician, and an administrator entitles his opinions to serious attention; but local dissensions have been embittered by the events of late years, and any measures which may be adopted by the Imperial Government will encounter active opposition. The most formidable danger which is pointed out by Mr. MACKENZIE has scarcely been apprehended in England. According to his statement, the Afrikaner party in the Cape Colony has devised a scheme for ensuring its own supremacy which would reduce the English section of the colonists to the condition of a helpless minority. The consequent alternative of submission or resistance cannot be contemplated with equanimity. The project of a union of the colony with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is equally novel and alarming. Neither of the Dutch Republics would consent to such an amalgamation unless they were satisfied that the united territories would be absolutely controlled by the Boers on both sides of the present territory. The occupants of the Transvaal revoked their acquiescence in the annexation of their country to the English dominion through indisposition to the rule of the Imperial Government. If it is true that any of them now desire reunion, the scheme must involve the assertion of nominal or practical independence. Although the details of the project are unknown, it may be assumed that the two Republics, whether or not they professed allegiance to the Crown, would share in the virtual independence which is enjoyed by all the self-governing colonies. The main object of the scheme, as far as it has yet assumed a definite form, is to constitute a State from which English influence and Imperial authority would be virtually excluded.

The possible extension of the Cape Colony, notwithstanding the importance of the measure, is but incidentally noticed by Mr. MACKENZIE. The main object of his Memorandum is to urge the separation of the two great offices which are now held by Sir HERCULES ROBINSON. It would be desirable to consider carefully the arguments on both sides, especially as the present arrangement is supported by the high authority of Sir HERCULES himself. On the other hand, Mr. MACKENZIE'S reasons are forcible, if not conclusive; and the success of the actual system has not been so complete as to render its continuance obviously expedient. The High Commissioner, exercising control over all the English possessions in South Africa, is in his principal capacity solely responsible to the Home Government. As he is also Governor of the Cape, he is bound in all questions affecting the Colony to act on the advice of his Ministers. It is evident that doubts must sometimes arise as to the limits of Imperial and Colonial policy or jurisdiction; and in more than one instance there has been serious collision. Mr. MACKENZIE states as a fact within his own knowledge that during the untoward Basuto war Sir BARTLE FRERE was prepared to terminate the contest by a definite compromise. As High Commissioner he would have acted on his own judgment; but he was compelled to accept the decision of his Ministers because the colony was a principal in the war. A still more serious difficulty would have occurred in the transactions relating to Bechuanaland if the Home Government had not in that case adopted a vigorous and decided policy. Lord DERBY, then Colonial Secretary, resolved to maintain the authority of the Crown, and Sir CHARLES WARREN'S expedition suppressed the en-

croachments of the freebooters by a display of force which superseded the necessity of bloodshed. When the object was accomplished, the High Commissioner, who had from the first disapproved of the enterprise, procured the recall of Sir C. WARREN, and it appears that he still, in concert with his Ministers, inclines to the annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape.

While the Colonial Secretary was still considering the recommendations of the High Commissioner, a meeting of Cape merchants and others in the City of London addressed a petition or memorial to the Government, suggesting that Sir C. WARREN should remain in South Africa, with the charge of the affairs of all the native territories under the QUEEN'S protection. On the advice of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON, who has always been consistent on the subject, the proposal was rejected; and the High Commissioner believes that his discretion in dealing with the natives is not affected by his relations to the Ministers at the Cape. Mr. MACKENZIE suggests in courteous and respectful language that Sir HERCULES ROBINSON was scarcely an impartial judge between himself and Sir CHARLES WARREN; and at the same time shows that his own plan for the government of South Africa differs from that which was rejected by Lord DERBY or by his successor. If Sir CHARLES WARREN had remained in South Africa, he would have been inferior in rank to the High Commissioner. Mr. MACKENZIE proposes that the administrator of native and intercolonial affairs should hold the more elevated position. It is not clear whether, according to Mr. MACKENZIE'S plan, the Governor of the Cape would be formally subordinate to the High Commissioner. If such a gradation of official ranks were established, it would be almost impossible to avoid collisions between the Cape Ministers and the chief representative of the Crown. Some kind of Home Rule might perhaps not have been undesirable if it had been introduced when the Cape was released from its condition as a Crown colony. It is now incompatible with the system of responsible government which is by universal acknowledgment irrevocable, when it has once been granted. If Mr. MACKENZIE'S proposals were accepted in substance, it would probably be found necessary to make the High Commissioner and the Governor of the Cape independent of one another. When the new organization was formed, it would be necessary to define as accurately as possible the respective spheres of action of the Colonial Government and of the ruler of the protected territories. The Lieutenant-Governor of Natal would be placed under the orders of the High Commissioner, who, on the other hand, would not claim authority over natives residing within the limits of the Cape Colony.

There is no doubt that many serious mistakes have been made in South African policy; but Mr. FROUDE and other equally severe critics of the Home and Colonial Governments scarcely make due allowance for the embarrassing complications which arise from the existence in the same country of three separate races. The Boers, the natives, and the English settlers have all to be considered in any scheme for the administration of a vast territory. Notwithstanding the unjust wars which have been waged against some of the tribes, the natives are generally well affected to the English Government, while they resent and dread the encroachments of the migratory Boers. Chiefs who have voluntarily surrendered parts of their dominions to the officers of the QUEEN protest with good reason against the occupation of the ceded lands by Dutch settlers. A High Commissioner who had no official connexion with the Cape Colony would probably find himself at liberty to comply with the reasonable demands of friendly natives. Mr. MACKENZIE is perhaps too sanguine in his confidence that English supremacy in South Africa has been secured by the recent action of the Government in Bechuanaland—"and," as he says, "finally secured on the soil of the country by the 'magnificent offer of land made to us by KHAMÉ and 'other chiefs.'" The offer has, of course, no operation until it is accepted, and, as Mr. MACKENZIE proceeds to show, the Government has not resolved on acceptance, nor is such a measure favoured by the High Commissioner. The 200,000 square miles of unoccupied territory which KHAMÉ is willing to cede extend far into the interior of the continent. If the land were occupied by English colonists, it would secure the supremacy of the race over a large portion of South Africa; but the Cape Colonists regard with undisguised and natural jealousy the acquisition by the Imperial Government of wide districts which are not to be open to Dutch settlers. It is, at least partly, on this ground that the Cape Government and Parliament

still contemplate the annexation of Bechuanaland. Mr. MACKENZIE asserts that the surrender by the Imperial Government of Bechuanaland and the Protectorate would lead to confusion and bloodshed.

Those who are opposed to English colonization protest, as might be expected, against the acceptance of KHAMÉ's offer. Amongst other objections, they have discovered that the chief's title to his dominions is imperfect, or that it is questioned by adverse claimants. It would be surprising if in the heart of Africa a case of undisputed ownership could be found. As far as such facts can be ascertained, KHAMÉ is in possession of the lands which he proposes to surrender; and, if there are any joint proprietors, they would probably be actuated by the same motives which prompt the liberality of KHAMÉ. They also would desire protection from the advancing Boers, and they would probably, like most of the native tribes, appreciate the advantages of English sovereignty. In other parts of South Africa the natives are generally willing to pay, in the form of a hut-tax, the moderate cost of administration or protection by officers of the Imperial Government. The annexation of Bechuanaland to the Cape is not recommended by vicinity or by convenience, and it would render KHAMÉ's territory inaccessible to English settlers. The Dutch farmers would, according to their unfailing custom, gradually extend their possessions, to the detriment of the natives and with the more objectionable result of excluding English competitors. If no sufficient reason can be urged against the policy recommended by Mr. MACKENZIE, it may be hoped that the present Government will not yield to the temptation of timidity or indolence. The first question to be considered is the appointment, on the expiration of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON's term of office, of a High Commissioner who will not be hampered in the discharge of his duties by the necessity of consulting the Ministers at the Cape. There would undoubtedly be some difficulty in adjusting the relations of a High Commissioner with his colleague at Cape Town; but, if the impediments could be overcome, much friction might be obviated. If Mr. STANHOPE had no other dependencies to administer, South Africa alone would furnish opportunities for the display of the statesmanlike qualities which he probably possesses.

BROTHER PETER'S CASE.

MONKS in France seem to be on much the same footing as landlords would have been in Ireland had Mr. GLADSTONE's Land Bill become law. It is, apparently, a case of "first come, first served." The Religious Orders having been expelled, the property would need to be divided equally among the brethren, all regarded as members of a religious family. But if, before the division, any brother is wise enough in his generation to make off with everything he can lay his hands on, a Bordeaux jury will only applaud the wisdom of a child of light who is not less sagacious than the children of this world. This appears from the verdict of a Bordeaux jury on the brother PIERRE BROCHARD, whose name in religion we have not the privilege of knowing, but who is a Doctor in Theology, and who may be provisionally styled Brother PETER. Dr. BROCHARD was arrested in Bordeaux in May for trying to cash some Austrian debentures which had been stopped by their owners. These owners were the members of the Dominican monastery in Lille. About sixteen hundred pounds' worth of securities and gold vanished from the monastery on March 31. At the same time the holy men were plunged in woe by the news that Brother PETER (he was not "lay-frater PETRUS") had committed suicide. For some time the Brother had been odd and ailing, and he had got leave on March 31 to go to another monastery for change of air. Now his monastic raiment had been found on the banks of a river, and there could be no doubt that Brother PETER, like DAPHNIS, had gone down the stream. The whirling wave closed over him; the only alternative was the supposition that Brother PETER, "mit nodings on," was roaming the adjacent country. As no British or other matron had encountered a nude Dominican in the vicinity, the gloomy theory that Brother PETER was *felo de se* prevailed. The holy men wept over their bonds and their brother, as another bereaved person did over his ducats and his daughter.

Then came news that a malefactor had been taken in Bordeaux attempting to cash the property of the monastery. What was the consternation of the brethren when in this

evil one, calling himself BERTHIER, they recognized Brother PETER, Doctor of Theology, and a remarkably fine-looking man! Dr. BROCHARD made a clean breast of it. He had been bored with the rule of DOMINIC. Owing to the effect of a malady on his brain, he was unable to preach. He was not, however, unable to order a set of false keys and of secular clothes. With the former he opened the safe and all the doors of the monastery, walking out at night in lay attire, and with his sacred raiment in a bundle. The ecclesiastical toggery, hood and all, he left by the river's brim, instead of throwing the hood over the adjacent windmills. *Un vieux truc, mais toujours bon*, as M. FORTUNÉ DU BOISGOBEY's heroes say when they play off some very ancient device once more in a novel.

Things looked black after this avowal for Brother PETER. But one of his Order stood by him. He explained that BROCHARD had only taken his own, and a little more, and perhaps a little prematurely. The Judge "indignantly protested," but a French jury was probably glad to take any view that made the property of monks accessible to the ingenious and deserving. They acquitted Brother PETER, unanimously. The consequences will be hard on monasteries. A complete suit of hoods and frocks will be found by every stream of France, and the fleetest-footed brother will have the best chance of escaping with loot. Whether laymen will be acquitted in similar circumstances, say if a member of a Cercle bolts with the club money-box, is not so apparent. That will depend a good deal on the Cercle. Probably a Republican jury will allow members to have their own way with the cash of Legitimist or noble *cercles*. The opening for enterprise is promising, but perilous, so much depends on the political and religious opinions of the jury. But that is the way in France, as a general rule. A Republican may steal a horse, though he would not know how to ride it when he had got it; a Royalist may not throw a passing glance over a wall. But, doubtless, a Legitimist may annex the horse of a person of his own political party. This seems to be a corollary from Brother PETER's case.

THE GASTEIN MEETING.

ALMOST every possible commonplace has long since been exhausted on the subject of the meetings of the Emperors of AUSTRIA and GERMANY. But, as is generally the case with a subject upon which much commonplace is expended, there remains a solid importance in this meeting which may easily be exaggerated, but which cannot be pooh-poohed. The disposition to pooh-pooh it is due partly, no doubt, to that love of the *risus ineptus* which is innate in human nature, partly to simple ignorance, partly to a survival of one of the most curious phases of political thought, the Philistine, optimist, *vox-populi-vox-dei* Liberalism of the middle of the present century, which was represented in different ways by persons as opposite as DICKENS and THACKERAY, as MACAULAY and MILL. That the people were always wiser than their rulers; that diplomacy and foreign policy generally were specially damnable, but fortunately also specially effete, manifestations of the Evil Principle; that war was being gradually "found out," and that a brisk traffic in not too flagrantly adulterated goods was the best, if not the sole, nexus between nations, are doctrines which are not openly professed now, except by very stupid people, though it is not so long since they were professed by very clever ones. The evil that they did as doctrines lives after them in the ideas that it really does not matter much what kings and emperors are doing, that England has little or no real interest in what they do, and that what interest she has is chiefly an interest in keeping clear of it.

The truth about the understanding between the two EMPERORS remains very much as it was stated seven years ago by Lord SALISBURY in words which scandalized Radicals—chiefly, it would appear, from the joint facts that they were Biblical and that they were not applied complementarily to Mr. GLADSTONE. If the tidings are not so good as they once were, it is chiefly because Mr. GLADSTONE himself, with his singular dexterity in sinister working, has done his best to diminish their goodness. It is still almost inconceivable that there should be any real conflict of interest between England and Austria, the one European Power whose ends are fated to coincide, or at least not to clash, with ours. It might have seemed seven years since that much the same was true of Germany; but the mis-

management of the English Government two years ago succeeded in making us for a time unfriends, to say nothing worse, with that nation. The squall excited by Lord GRANVILLE's extraordinary conduct has now blown over, and, though an opportunity was then lost of making the relations of England and Germany cordial, nothing fortunately was done which need permanently embitter them. We are not likely ever to have in either of the mid-European Powers what used to be called a "good ally." The days, indeed, of good allies seem to have gone out, save in cases where accident unites the interests of nations in such an exceptionally intimate fashion as is the case with North and South Germany. But whether it be true or not that the greatest of British interests is peace, it is certainly true that peace, in Europe, is a great British interest. He must be a very sanguine and a very bellicose person who, as things stand, desires a general war. Perhaps we should not in minor respects be much more ill prepared for such a war than we always have been. But with Mr. GLADSTONE ready at any moment to take sides with any enemy of Great Britain by whose aid he may upset a rival, and with voters by the million ready at any moment to support Mr. GLADSTONE in anything he may do, the moment is ill chosen for a War of the Spanish Succession or a War of the French Revolution. We must have got our new voters better educated, and have accustomed them better to distinguish unprincipled and self-seeking charlatans from great statesmen, before we try that kind of game. And therefore everything that makes for peace—as the alliance of Austria and Germany unquestionably in present circumstances does make for it—is to be very heartily welcomed, even by those who by no means consider a state of peace in itself an admirable thing or a state of war a damnable one.

The two Powers, moreover, which are represented in these meetings happen to be on the whole worthy of some sympathy from Englishmen on other grounds than mere self-interest. Austria has been for many years the best behaved Power in point of general record of any European nation. The record of Germany in regard both to what may be called the major and what may be called the minor national and political morals is not quite so stainless. But it is immaculate compared with the conduct of either of the other two Great Powers which stand restless and dissatisfied to right and left of the League of Peace. On one side "an austere, a dignified, and a paternal republic," as some incomparable "person of Paraguay" called France in a letter to a newspaper last week, presents a spectacle scarcely to be matched in history for the exhibition of the meaner political vices. On the other an Empire, which is perhaps as well entitled to the epithets of austere, dignified, and paternal, publicly adopts the moral principles of Mr. ALGERNON DEUCEACE, and like that astute person announces that, if she ever gave her word in certain matters about Batoum or elsewhere, "why she is not going to keep her word" any longer. It is by no means so certain as it is sometimes supposed to be that this Batoum incident is closed, and the Austro-German agreement becomes of additional importance in connexion with it. It is frequently said that neither Power is likely to quarrel with Russia for the *beaux yeux* of England, which is true enough. But those who say this either forget or ignore the fact that all the recent designs of Russia have tended more and more to bring her into hostility with at least Austrian, if not also German, interests and prospects. It is impossible to see how Russia can move a single step further south-westward without treading on Austrian toes, and the map of Europe may be searched in vain to discover any means by which this inevitable quarrel can be durably atoned. Russian attempts on India are, indeed, directly no affair either of Vienna or of Berlin; but the diplomatists of the Continent, who are rather less shortsighted than our Radicals, know that give and take is the one secret of diplomacy, and that, to secure the West, they must look to the East. Above all, there is no contravening the simple statement that, for the present at any rate, it is the policy of Austria and Germany to keep things as quiet as they can, and the policy of France and Russia to keep things as disturbed as they dare—the latter a large proviso no doubt, considering the financial state of both Powers. Therefore, the maintenance of the understanding must still be good tidings, and continue to be so until either circumstances have changed very remarkably, or the petulance and improvidence of English statesmen have brought matters into even a worse mess than has been more than once achieved during the last six years. It would, indeed, be rash to

set any bounds to the possibilities of the latter contingency, but it is one which lies on the lap of the gods and is not necessary to take into human account. That an intelligent statesman with a reasonable prospect of holding the reins of power in England for some time might turn the Austro-German alliance into something much more useful to England than it ever has been yet is quite certain. But perhaps this is too much to expect of our statesmen, or rather of their masters, the constituencies. Possibly the latter may be instructed, both by Conservatism and Radicalism of the newer schools, that ignorance of the simplest facts of foreign policy is nothing excusable, still less is anything to be proud of. But at any rate there is ground for hoping that, with English affairs in their present guidance, what might be a staff in England's hand will not be made a spoke in her wheel, and that the natural counterweights to the greed or the ill-will of other Powers will not be wantonly thrown into the scale against England. This would not seem much to require of any Ministry; but for six years it was apparently too much to require of the Ministry of Mr. GLADSTONE.

DISCRETION.

THE law is not a hass, though it may seem so at first sight in having required Sir WILFRID LAWSON to use his discretion. For how could the law know that the singular combination of events was going to happen whereby, in the first place, Sir WILFRID LAWSON is Sir WILFRID LAWSON, and, in the second place, some Lord-Lieutenant went and made him a Justice of the Peace? Hass or not, however, the law may direct Sir WILFRID to use his discretion as much as it pleases, and he will abstain from obeying it for the best possible reason.

Apart from the difficulty any particular baronet may find in being discreet, there is a refreshing simplicity in the construction put by Sir WILFRID upon the statute by virtue of which he was asked to exercise—and might have exercised—his power of permitting an extension of the usual hours for selling intoxicating liquors upon the occasion of a ball being given in some public place of entertainment. The law provides in substance that persons licensed to sell liquor are not to sell it after a certain hour at night. But the Legislature, thoughtfully reflecting that exceptional cases may arise in which an extension of the prescribed period for some particular purpose may be harmless, or even meritorious, went on to allow application to be made to justices for such extension of time, and gave the justices "discretion" to grant each application or not as they thought proper under the circumstances. It is perfectly clear that discretion was given because it was intended that suitable extensions of time should be allowed, and that unsuitable extensions of time should not be allowed. In other words, the Legislature considered that in some cases likely to arise an extension would be desirable, and in others it would not, and it cast upon the justices the duty—not the right—of deciding which were which. Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in the exercise of the whimsical prejudice which he mis-calls by the name of his discretion, took precisely the contrary view. He declared himself to be of opinion that every additional half-hour in which a young lady is allowed to drink a glass of claret-cup or a waiter a pot of beer breeds war, famine, and pestilence, and that therefore he would never allow any extensions at all. Discretion, or discerning, means observing the differences between things; and, if you assert dogmatically that all the things about which you are called upon to exercise discretion are the same, and that there are no differences to be observed, you do not exercise discretion, but simply refuse to exercise it. The law says that there are suitable occasions on which the time for selling liquor shall be extended. Sir WILFRID LAWSON says that there are no such occasions, and refuses ever under any circumstances to extend the time. Therefore Sir WILFRID LAWSON breaks the law. In the event of any considerable inconvenience being caused by this silly and illegal piece of tyranny, his victims would do well to remember that possibly a mandamus might bring him to his senses.

A greater man than Sir WILFRID LAWSON was in trouble about "discretion" not long ago. The law gives judges at *nisi prius* discretion to deprive successful litigants of their costs upon good cause shown. This discretion was exercised on a certain occasion by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and the Court of Appeal decided that no good cause had been shown,

and that therefore no discretion ought to have been exercised. Lord COLERIDGE chose to consider that the Court of Appeal had decided that he had no discretion, and refused for a considerable time to make any order about costs in any case whatever. The deadlock caused a good deal of temporary inconvenience; but it will be observed that there was no dispute as to what discretion meant. If Lord COLERIDGE had announced his determination to exercise his discretion by invariably refusing to deprive successful parties of their costs, he would have committed an absurdity like that of Sir WILFRID LAWSON. What he did say, though his colleagues in the Court of Appeal did not agree with it, was that the rule purporting to give him discretion really gave him none. The difficulty arose out of the clumsiness of the rule which made the judicial discretion dependent upon the showing of good cause. Only the judge could decide what was good cause, so that he was required to go through a double process of finding that there was good cause for exercising discretion and of exercising it, when in fact the process was all one. The result was to make an appeal possible, though there is supposed to be no appeal from the exercise of discretion, on the question whether the judge was right in holding that good cause was shown. One consequence of this confusion has been an express judgment of the Court of Appeal that a judicial officer to whose discretion the law confides the determination of individual cases has no right to refuse to exercise it, and that is exactly what Sir WILFRID LAWSON did.

DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR DUTIES.

THE change of Government is not likely to affect the result of the late correspondence between the Chambers of Commerce and the Foreign Office. No political issue was involved in the question whether Ambassadors, Foreign Ministers, and Consuls should represent more directly or more actively than at present the commercial interests which have always occupied a part of their attention. Consular agents, indeed, have always devoted their principal energies to the affairs of traders, except at those Eastern stations where their duties have to some extent been political or diplomatic. Foreign Ministers have at all times collected and transmitted information on tariffs and similar subjects; and of late years Secretaries of Embassy and Legation have been required to furnish elaborate reports on the commercial and economic circumstances of the countries where they reside. The Foreign Office and the Board of Trade are in frequent communication with one another, and both departments collect statistics which are useful to merchants. There is room for improvement in the manner of editing official returns and in the promptness of publication. Those who have occasion to study Blue-Books of other descriptions know how strangely confusing are the methods of publication employed by the Foreign and Colonial Offices. Tabulated reports and returns can seldom assume an equally disjointed shape; but their appearance is frequently delayed till the information which they contain is wholly or partially obsolete. It is natural that the traders who suffer inconvenience should be urgent in their pressure for redress; and it would appear that there is no indisposition to satisfy their reasonable demands. The most acute and most enterprising traders are probably the least dependent on official documents which are as accessible to their competitors as to themselves. Their own agents furnish them with materials for the study of prices of goods, of rates of freight, and especially of the wants of their customers. Chambers of Commerce seem to have been inconsiderate in their proposal that Ministers and Consuls should supply both knowledge of commercial details and in some cases active aid. Probably they may occasionally have deemed it expedient to ask for more than they expected to obtain. They have no reason to complain of the spirit in which their representations were met by the Foreign Office.

Mr. BRYCE's able and comprehensive letter to the Chambers of Commerce and Commercial Associations recites the most important applications to which it is the official answer. The instructions which have been addressed to the foreign Ministers and Consuls are necessarily to the same effect with the circular letter. Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. BRYCE do no more than justice to the members of both services by recognizing their readiness to co-operate in attaining the objects which are proposed by the Chambers of

Commerce. They also state that the replies to questions addressed to consular officers at some principal foreign ports exhibit a general unanimity of opinion as to the best mode of promoting commercial interests. The diplomatic representatives of the Crown have less concern with details or with the active promotion of trading interests; and any extraordinary intervention on their part requires the exercise of the greatest caution. The suggestion of the Chambers of Commerce that Consuls should be chosen from men possessing commercial qualifications and technical knowledge could not be unconditionally accepted. As Mr. BRYCE observes, "the duties and qualifications required are both numerous and varied, and commercial matters constitute a part only of their work." There is much doubt whether commercial experience is more indispensable to Consuls than professional or official training. In some places a resident merchant discharges consular duties without exciting the jealousy of his rivals; but he has evidently many difficulties to encounter which would be avoided if his place were occupied by an independent member of the service. If the memorialists mean to recommend this appointment of consular agents of commercial experience, but not engaged in the local trade, they perhaps mistake their own interests. A successful trader would not be tempted by the moderate salary of a Vice-Consul to relinquish more profitable occupation; and a merchant who is willing to sacrifice his prospects in business would seldom be an eligible candidate for office. The best security for the selection of qualified agents is the responsibility of the Foreign Secretary, who is not likely in modern times to make a consular post a provision for an undeserving dependent. It is necessary that the zeal of public functionaries should be stimulated by the prospect of regular promotion. A veteran member of the service who may have held office at half a dozen different stations can scarcely be said to possess commercial experience, and yet he may thoroughly understand his duties.

One of the boldest proposals of the Chambers of Commerce is set aside by Mr. BRYCE with polite gravity. They can scarcely have expected the Foreign Office to admit into its own body a number of delegates from a self-elected body of traders, but they coolly suggested that the Commercial Department of the Foreign Office should be assisted by a Council of Advice to be composed of persons chosen from the Chambers of Commerce. With equal modesty they proceeded to recommend the constitution of similar Councils in the Colonial and Indian Offices, for which it was no part of Mr. BRYCE's duty to answer. It was a sufficient reply on behalf of his own department that it was already the practice of the Office to consult commercial bodies on matters in which their opinion might be of value or assistance. It is not plain whether the proposed assessors were to be a merely consultative body or a section of the official department. So anomalous an innovation has seldom been extemporized in the midst of a correspondence on practical matters. There was less audacity in the demand that Consuls should be placed in direct relations with Chambers of Commerce; but the suggestion was highly unreasonable. In all branches of the public service subordinate officers correspond either with their immediate superiors or with the heads of the Office; and it would be neither desirable nor possible that they should enter into separate communications with external bodies. A complaint addressed by a Chamber of Commerce to a Consul at New York or Hamburg would be sufficiently answered by a statement that he had no instructions on the subject, or that he had obeyed superior orders. If he were to yield to outside pressure in matters large or small, it would be impossible to maintain official discipline.

It seems that the Board of Trade has undertaken the duty of publishing a journal or periodical which will record tariff changes, movements in foreign markets, foreign commercial legislation, and similar kinds of information. Some official returns which are now published twice a week in the *London Gazette* will be circulated at more frequent intervals. It is for traders and manufacturers to judge whether the proposed changes will be useful to themselves. The cost will probably not be excessive; and it is always desirable to remove ostensible causes of complaint. The Foreign Office is perhaps more willing to consent to frequent publication of statistics because the duty will be undertaken by the Board of Trade. Its own contribution to the new arrangements will consist principally in giving an almost superfluous impulse to the activity of its own officers in foreign countries. As Lord ROSEBURY states to

the diplomatic and consular agents, "all that is needed is a continued activity, not only in pursuing the methods hitherto adopted, but in discovering any others that can be legitimately employed." In Mr. BRYCE's circular letter the Office had declined all proposals for giving Consuls or their deputies the character of private commercial agents.

In the spring Session of the last Parliament there was a debate on almost the only question as to diplomatic duties on which there is a serious difference of opinion. The representatives of the Crown in foreign countries, and especially in the East, have, as a general rule, abstained from giving open support to English financial enterprises. On the other hand, foreign diplomatists have, in the intervals of political crises, habitually urged on the Governments to which they are accredited the claims of the capitalists and speculators of their respective countries. The grant of State concessions for railways, canals, and similar undertakings has been furthered or approved by diplomatic methods, and sometimes on political grounds. The restless energy of the German Government has more especially caused anxiety to English capitalists, who have not received official aid in their efforts at competition. The overtures which were made to China by a German firm for the construction of a great system of railways were openly recommended by the Imperial Legation; and, though the enterprise proved abortive, it has left a feeling of dissatisfaction in the minds of English traders. The grievance is plausible; but there is much to be said in favour of the reserve which has been practised by English representatives abroad. Some of the most experienced of their number pointed out to Lord ROSEBURY the inconvenience which might arise from their interference in support of proposed English enterprises. In international negotiations valuable concessions have to be bought in the same currency. A diplomatist must frequently surrender a right or an advantage in return for the admission of a claim. Consequently, if he undertakes the promotion of a private undertaking, he may find it necessary to purchase a benefit to his immediate clients at the public cost. Any dissatisfaction which his success may provoke possibly affects the relations of his Government with a rival Power, or it may impair his popularity and influence. As a general rule, any assistance which he may give to private undertakers ought to be confined to the removal of technical obstacles and to smoothing personal difficulties. On the whole, Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. BRYCE have defined the duties of diplomatic and consular agents with commendable precision.

MRS. OR MISS?

THE question whether the late Mr. AUGUSTUS UTHWATT ever committed matrimony has proved as hard a nut to crack as any submitted to the manipulation of the Chancery Division. Mr. UTHWATT was an odd man with an odd name, and he seems to have enjoyed the thought that he was mystifying his relatives as well as his neighbours. If he expected, as is not improbable, that his affairs would some day give great trouble to a court of law, his confidence in himself was not in this respect misplaced. Mr. UTHWATT was born at the end of the last century, and practised in early life as a solicitor at Barnet. In 1877, when he was seventy-nine, he succeeded his brother in the possession of valuable estates at Great Linford, in Buckinghamshire. Last year he died, and his nephew, whose father bore the doubly remarkable name of EDOLPH UTHWATT, claimed the estates, which are worth some three or four thousand a year, as next of kin. It does not seem to have occurred to a single member of the family that the nephew's claim was open to any doubt. AUGUSTUS UTHWATT had always been known as "the old bachelor," and no one appears to have suspected him of any connexion, regular or otherwise, with the opposite sex. That only shows, however, that AUGUSTUS UTHWATT could keep a secret. For it is certain that he had five children, and the only point in dispute is whether he was married to their mother. Proof of marriage by what the Scotch law calls habit and repute, and the English law calls reputation, has been frequently established; but it is needless to say that people cannot be married in England, as they can in Scotland, without an actual ceremony. That which in Scotland may constitute the legal tie can in England only be evidence that it was at some time or other contracted. The presumption of reputation in *ANDREWS v. UTHWATT* was certainly strong, though it was not strong enough to satisfy Mr. Justice CHITTY. Mr. UTHWATT lived

with the mother of his children at various places, and for many years, until her death. They were believed to be married by persons who visited them, such as the doctor and the clergyman. In writing to her he described himself as her husband, and he caused her to be designated on her tombstone as his wife. It is not often that a man plays a part consistently throughout a long life. The natural indolence of mankind is too strong, and there must be times when he asks himself whether it is worth while, and answers the inquiry in the negative.

The particular theory put forward by the plaintiff to account for his father's conduct was far-fetched and improbable. Mr. UTHWATT, it was contended, so hated his eldest son, that he concealed his marriage to make that son a bastard. The plaintiff, however, sought to prove a little too much. For the injury done by this odious fraud on Mr. UTHWATT's part was not confined to the eldest son, but extended also to that eldest son's brother and sisters, as well as to his mother, whereas it was admitted that Mr. UTHWATT was extremely fond both of his daughters and of his wife, if wife she was. It cannot, however, be said that the view taken by the Judge is free from difficulty, and an appeal is to be prosecuted against the judgment. According to Mr. Justice CHITTY, Mr. UTHWATT was a weak man, who was afraid to tell his children that they were bastards, and at the same time afraid to cheat his heir by formally recognizing them as legitimate. This hypothesis throws no light on the question why Mr. UTHWATT never married. No legal tribunal can, of course, be fairly called upon to account for all the peculiarities of an eccentric, and perhaps a feeble-minded, man. Direct evidence of Mr. UTHWATT's marriage could not be produced, and in the family Bible, which contained the entries of his children's birth, there was no mention of the event which ought to have preceded it. But there was one curious little piece of testimony which strikes us as of more value than any other in this strange litigation. When Mr. UTHWATT became life-owner of Great Linford, he claimed compensation from his sister-in-law for alleged acts of waste on the part of his brother. The claim was settled, and the widow released on payment of a sum of money. As party to the deed of release, Mr. UTHWATT specified not his son, who, if legitimate, would have been the next in succession, but his brother EDOLPH. That a lawyer, as Mr. UTHWATT was, should so act, at the risk of vitiating the whole transaction, is almost incredible. The case is not a perfectly clear one. Cases of this kind seldom are. "Reputation" may be very strong or very weak. It is at best presumptive evidence, and liable to be rebutted. Reputation may, again, as Mr. Justice CHITTY remarked, be divided, as with the man who had a wife, or a lady who passed for such, on either side of the river Thames, north and south. The reputation was equally strong in Middlesex and in Surrey. Yet it must have been erroneous in one county, and may have been so in both. But, if everybody was simple and straightforward, there would be very little work for the Courts.

AN ART QUESTION.

EVERY now and then, not always at the most convenient moment, a little controversy breaks out as to the place of the Royal Academy in contemporary English art. As a rule the controversialists plunge into the fray with but little knowledge of the other questions involved, and the correspondence goes off on some side issue and comes to nothing, or is forcibly stopped as soon as one of the parties administers to the other the countercheck quarrelsome. Art is not politics, and artists do not habitually say the things to each other that Mr. GLADSTONE would say to a Tory or to a recalcitrant friend. This year, however, the controversy having broken out afresh in the *Times*, and having been suddenly taken up by other papers, has not had time really to develop itself, when, without any warning, and long before the competitors have settled into their stride, before even Mr. J. C. ROBINSON has intervened with an interminable letter, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, the President of the Royal Academy, comes down with at least something stronger than the retort courteous. Briefly stated, the question is this. The Royal Academy occupies a palace in Piccadilly for which it pays no rent, because it has, since its foundation in the last century, been looked upon as a public body—an art university, so to speak, an institution with a definite national duty to perform. The performance of one part of that duty, coupled with the handsome subsidy in the shape of house-

rent which it receives from the nation, enables it to make a large sum annually, a sum sufficient to pay for its art schools and to leave an ample margin. The exhibition has been very popular, so popular, indeed, that it is often remarked that people go to an Academy exhibition even when they know that it contains nothing worth seeing. So far, it might be thought that the above statement of facts could not be controverted. The Royal Academy is a public body. It is lodged at the public expense. It is publicly and privately patronized. Its diplomas are recognized as conferring the highest distinction in art. Its head receives a title as a matter of course, just as if he had risen to the top of the permanent staff of the Foreign Office or the Treasury. But here is the curious part of the matter, the only curious thing, in fact, about it. The Royal Academy always strenuously denies that it is a public body, or that it is in any way amenable to the discipline of public opinion, and asserts that it may keep its accounts and spend its money as it pleases. The Academicians have always, whenever the question has come up, adhered to this opinion, but, so far as we know, they have never backed it up by offering either to pay a rent for Burlington House, or, on the other hand, to admit the public free to the annual or semi-annual exhibitions. Nor have the accounts ever been published, and the wrath of the President, as just mentioned, falls upon the head of an unhappy critic who supposed, on apparently excellent grounds, that they were submitted to the QUEEN alone. This retort has come too early in the controversy to have any other effect of importance; and the public, instead of taking Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S assertion as final, will probably be induced to wake up and ask what it is all about. Some three or four artists, it seems, have felt constrained to object to the Royal Academy exhibitions as being very far from representing the national mind on art subjects. They would be willing to agitate for a representative Salon on the Parisian model; and a letter appeared last week in the *Times*, signed by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, Mr. WALTER CRANE, and Mr. CLAUSEN, in which it was pointed out that "there is no national exhibition of art in England." This is only taking the Royal Academy at its word. So far as this sentence goes, the letter might have been signed by the Secretary of the Royal Academy himself and been decorated with the official seal. But the letter is written in no spirit of approval of the Royal Academy; on the contrary, it is called forth by the vote of that august body a fortnight ago, which by a majority refused to entertain certain proposals for reform which are understood to have had the support of the PRESIDENT. The Academicians refuse to give up the right they conferred upon themselves of exhibiting eight pictures each at the annual exhibitions. If the Royal Academy could prove its title to be considered an "essentially private body," we should not have a word to say even if the members chose to exhibit a hundred pictures each. As long, however, as the Royal Academy lives on the taxpayer and occupies a house which is public property, as long as it is in any way recognized by Government and the people as a teaching body, as long as the letters "R.A." denote that an artist has become one of a school on which the epithet "Royal" has been conferred by the sovereign, so long will the British public look upon it as anything but a private and irresponsible body. The suggestion of Mr. HOLMAN HUNT and his friends, however reasonable in itself, can only result in adding another to the hundreds of exhibitions which make life in the season such a burden to the sightseer, unless they are prepared to commence operations by claiming the rooms built at the public cost in Burlington House, and now, by their own admission, turned over to the use of a body of private gentlemen.

A LESSON FROM HUNGARY.

THE effect of the Emperor of AUSTRIA'S letter to M. TISZA appears to have more than answered the expectations of its writer. Not only is it regarded as definitively closing the "JANSKI incident"—the dispute with reference to certain military appointments which has agitated the Hungarian mind for some three months past—but it has, apparently, converted an obstinately cherished mood of sullen discontent into one of the most effusive loyalty. Exaggeration is probably the mark of both conditions of mind; but the moral of the affair is all the more instructive perhaps on that very account. So far as outward demonstrations go, the unanimity of the popular sentiment is unmistakable.

All the Ministerial organs have published enthusiastic leaders on the EMPEROR'S letter to the PRIME MINISTER; M. MAURICE JOKAI, the first living novelist of Hungary, announces in a semi-official paper that "All Hungarians are now convinced that the Austro-Hungarian army is 'a powerful protection to our Constitution'; and even the Opposition journals, with of course the due reserve of censure for M. TISZA'S remissness in not having refuted the misinterpretations when they were first put forward, join heartily in the chorus.

To most Englishmen the charm which has allayed all this protracted agitation in the Hungarian mind will seem a *pulveris exigui jactus* indeed. All that the EMPEROR has informed "Dear TISZA" is in effect that his good Hungarian subjects have found a mare's-nest. For that they must be content for the present to take his Imperial word, and he in the meantime leaves it to his Minister to state all such particulars as are necessary to satisfy them of the true character of their find. HIS MAJESTY contents himself with saying that the recent army appointments about which such a stir has been made have been "erroneously interpreted"; and that "this is the more to be regretted 'as the appointments in question were effected without 'any infraction of legal or constitutional rights, so that 'the inferences which have been deduced from them 'must come to nothing.' These are literally the only sentences in which the specific subject of complaint is referred to. For the rest the EMPEROR regrets that "isolated incidents should draw forth unfavourable criticisms on the 'whole army.' The spirit of that army, 'which includes 'all peoples of the Monarchy, is, and can be, no other than 'that of the army's supreme chief.' It is actuated by no sentiment except that of emulation in the discharge of its duty, which consists, 'not only in defending the Empire 'against attack, but in keeping aloof from the political 'quarrels of parties, to the end that, in the interest of 'public order, the army may be the mainstay of the 'laws and of the constitutional institutions based on 'these laws.' With more to the same soothing effect, the manifest purpose of the EMPEROR being not so much to correct a popular misconception—which indeed he expressly leaves it to M. TISZA to do in more detail—as to flatter the Hungarian pride by the condescension of a personal appeal. It is difficult to suppose, at any rate, that an Imperial utterance, contributing really nothing to the practical side of a controversy which must have been thoroughly threshed out by this time, could have been credited by its author and advisers with anything more than a sentimental value. No doubt its value in this respect has proved considerable, and it has fully served its purpose. But an incident so eloquent of the extreme delicacy of the military and constitutional relations between the EMPEROR and his Hungarian kingdom, the ease with which friction is set up, and the necessity which then arises for coaxing and humouring dissatisfaction back again into contentment, is full of warning for those light-hearted Constitution-mongers among ourselves who were quite willing to put Ireland into the position of Hungary, and trust to the goodwill and gratitude of Fenians and the tools of Fenians to smooth over any difficulties that might arise. The only difference between the two cases is that the army would stand in a far more critical relation to the people in Ireland than it does in Hungary, and that in the former country there would be many more people eager to make mischief of that fact.

LADIES IN LIBRARIES.

WOMAN has been but ungallantly treated of late by science and culture. Science is insisting that she must not be educated like man, under the deplorable penalty of the ruin of the race. Learned woman will not be a mother at all, or, if a mother, her infants will be rickety. This puts American woman in a pretty dilemma. A writer in the *Nation*—the New York paper—has discovered that woman is so much divorced in America because she does not receive a classical education, and therefore is no fit help-mate for man, who in the States is so classically trained. The more education the fewer divorces, cries this sweet enthusiast; but then out laughs the stern medical philosopher, and says, The more education the fewer children. Thus woman is in a hobble; for, if she be uneducated and wedded, she will promptly be divorced, whereas, if she is educated and wedded, she will not be a joyful mother of children. In

either case it will no longer be possible to sing that "Hymen
"peoples every town."

These, however, as ARISTOTLE says, are perhaps matters for a separate disquisition. The education of woman is more directly threatened by the remonstrances of readers in the British Museum Library. They complain, in newspapers autumnally vacant, that woman makes the Reading Room a place where study is impossible. The frou-frou of her silken raiment is censured; she shall not walk in silk attire among the books, if the correspondents of the newspapers can prevent it. They also grumble that they cannot slake the dust of the floor by scattering ink from their pens thereon, as seems to be their habit, for fear of blotting the skirts of ladies. They also report—we fear with some truth—that woman talks and whispers and giggles beneath the stately dome, nay, that she flirts, and eats strawberries behind folios, in the society of some happy student of the opposite sex. When she does read, she is accused of reading novels and newspapers, which she might better procure elsewhere. Certainly novel-readers in the crowded Museum Library are sitting where they ought not, and occupying room more needed than their company, unless they are very pretty indeed, when only a CARLYLE would object to them. It is understood that Mr. CARLYLE neglected the Museum collection of pamphlets on the French Revolution because he was not allowed to have a room all to himself. Indeed, no reader of his *Memoirs* can imagine TRUE THOMAS enjoying himself in the Reading Room. He would, like his namesake, have "spied a fairlie with his 'ee" in every direction, and would have used the most astonishing language to the attendants who did not bring his books at a moment's notice.

To tell the truth, the Museum Reading Room is not the place for a fastidious scholar. Only a robust genius can stand it. The place gives most people a headache; the delays in bringing books are wearisome; the society coughs, grunts, and clears its throat in a marvellous variety of strange sounds. The natives of our Oriental dependencies are thought to come here because it is the warmest place in London. There are boys reading cribs and girls lunching, and doubtless a vast majority of extract-copyers will never deserve awards from the future fund for the endowment of research. If a man is hard-working and well paid, he will find that it is cheaper to buy accessible books than to waste hours in traveling to the Museum and in waiting till what he needs is brought to him. But ladies are not really much to be blamed. Many of them are just as serious readers, and as industrious and quiet grubbers in the past, as any man can be. Perhaps some of them have got a little into the habit of talking; it would be easy to appeal to their good sense and good feeling in this matter. There may be men who cannot work when a woman is near them, but women do not seem nearly so much disturbed by the neighbourhood of men. Attempts to keep a portion of the seats for *dames seules* do not seem very successful. Perhaps some other room might be set apart for men whose names and business proved that they were very serious and important students indeed. Much might be done to aid such a reader as Mr. CARLYLE was, though perhaps no public library would ever have been aught to him but a purgatory. Moreover, it would be hard to give men advantages denied to ladies. The present state of things is not ideal, and a crowd is as unpleasant to the student as to the angler. But where is the remedy when the numbers of would-be students are increasing? Only in patience.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE members of the deputation from the Imperial Federation League which waited on Lord SALISBURY on Wednesday afternoon may perhaps have been conscious of a slight hollowiness in the proceedings. Not that they were not all very anxious to do something in a good cause or that Lord SALISBURY was not willing to meet them halfway. On these points no doubt is permissible. What, however, does give the interview the air of being mainly a parade is the fact that the question whether Imperial Federation is ever to be more than a pious imagination is at this moment being brought to a very rough practical test in the South Pacific, to say nothing of the North Atlantic. Exactly the kind of incident which is sure to strain any Federal machinery is happening in the New Hebrides. We shall not undertake to say precisely what is being done there. The French may be trying to make a permanent occupation or may be only trying it on in the colloquial

sense. A subordinate officer may be exceeding his instructions or he may be acting in obedience to orders from home. Any of these things is possible. In the meantime it is very plain that France is as busy in the New Hebrides as the devil in a gale of wind, that the Australians are very irritated at its proceedings, and that in Paris they are talking as if they were prepared to proceed still further on the same road. The words of the *République Française* do not necessarily express the views of the Ministry, but it is an important Republican organ inspired by influential persons, and it has been holding forth on the subject in such a thoroughly French way that its pronouncements have a certain importance. In a general way it has been advancing the old axiom on which all Frenchmen argue in matter of international politics, which is that the earth belongs to France and the fulness thereof. This is a fundamental in the French mind, and accounts for the pathetic and touching indignation which fills the soul of a Frenchman when any other nation gets the better of his anywhere. Other peoples may be disappointed and angry at defeat, only the French feel their sense of justice aggrieved. Passing from the general to the particular, the *République Française* shows how the New Hebrides are desirable and must be seized upon. It is true that France is bound by treaty to leave these islands alone, and that by disregarding this obligation it would be at least guilty of an act of gross discourtesy to a friendly Power. These considerations do not weigh with the *République Française*, or, for that matter, with any Frenchman. The French flag is up, and up it must stay simply because it is there, and because it seems more creditable to the French mind to persist in doing an insolent thing after solemnly promising not to do it than to retire from a usurped position. The honour of France, which is reconciled to the sight of Generals THIBAUDIN and BOULANGER at the head of its army, is not unnaturally prepared to break through a national obligation. All this, of course, may be mere swagger; but it is the sort of thing which occasionally commits a nation to a serious political adventure, and in this case it is accompanied by acts which are certainly putting a strain on the relations of France to England and of England to her Colonies.

The difficulty in the New Hebrides was not mentioned on Wednesday afternoon, but it may have the effect of bringing the whole Federation question to a head. As the late Premier of Victoria pointed out at some length, the complaint of Australia has been that the mother-country did not consult, or even care to learn, her wishes. With a system of Federation these, he thought, would be better known, and, since there would be an authority at hand to enforce them, would presumably be consulted. Now here is a case in regard to which the wishes of Australia are perfectly well known. The Australian Colonies, as Mr. SERVICE reminded Lord SALISBURY, would much like to see Germany negotiated out of New Guinea, and France negotiated out of New Caledonia. They have something more than a wish to keep the latter country out of the New Hebrides. If the French enterprise in those regions turns out, as it promises to do not obscurely, to be a permanent affair, Australia, which is already protesting and calling on the mother-country, will be quite prepared to treat it as a *casus belli*. What it expects from Federation is precisely greater opportunities for using the general strength of the Empire for the purpose of keeping foreign Powers at the greatest possible distance from Australia. It will be inclined to judge of the probable good of the Federation offered it by the degree of readiness it sees in England to resent this last act of French aggression. If it is stoutly supported, a very great step forward will have been made; but, if not, then the thing may have been made impossible for ever as far as Australia is concerned. In the meantime those people, not, we think, very wise people, who are eager for a definite scheme will not find themselves much "forrarder" after Wednesday afternoon than before. They may possibly find the whole proceedings deplorably weak. The deputation had no scheme to offer. It did not even ask Lord SALISBURY to make one. At the outside it asked him to name certain persons or to recommend the meeting of certain persons to consider of a scheme, and the PREMIER, without committing himself to anything definite, promised to consider of the proposal. To some who, like the typical Frenchman, enjoy *les situations nettes*, and who long to see their wish carried into effect instantaneously, or in default of that can be pleased with promises, this may seem deplorably weak. Whoever has thought of the matter, with or without the help of his JOSEPH DE MAISTRE, not as a pious wish, but as a piece of practical business, will

probably applaud the reserve of the PREMIER. The making of a Federation is emphatically one of those things which either happen of themselves or do not happen at all. To set about constructing one is something like setting about in cold blood to form a new political party—an adventure which is commonly found to end in envenoming existing quarrels and starting several new ones. A Committee appointed to draw up a scheme of Imperial Federation would be every whit as likely to bring diverging interests and characters into sharp collision as to turn out a workable plan. Therefore Lord SALISBURY did very well to say that he would consult with his colleagues and look the thing all round before deciding.

Perhaps, if people would only be satisfied with it, we have already and quite accidentally got as workable a scheme of federation as we are likely to attain to. If a deputation from all the Imperial Federation Leagues of the Empire were to wait on the Prime Minister every three years or so, and were to express to him in fit language the sincere wishes of the Colonies to remain united to the mother-country, and to receive from him a dignified expression of the hearty wish of the mother-country to remain united to the Colonies, and all parties were then to dine merrily together, we should have got a tolerable form of Federation. The great thing, as Lord SALISBURY insisted, is that the different parts of the Empire should wish to remain united, and should be ready to help one another. As long as that sentiment remains in force, its unity is safe. Without it, no form of common government can do more than multiply occasions for quarrel. It is no doubt true, as one of the deputations judiciously observed, that all government is difficult, and that it was to deal with difficulties that statesmen were invented by a beneficent Providence. Statesmen have none the less often created difficulties, and not seldom by encumbering the machinery of government with useless wheels. In these days of submarine telegraphs there is really no reason why the Premiers of each separate part of the Empire should not discuss its common interests as fully and as effectually by wire as if they were sitting on opposite sides of the same table. The wish to act together and the intelligence being there, they could deal directly, more easily, and with less friction than through a Federal Council, which would almost assuredly be endowed with ill-defined powers, would have to refer back home for instructions continually, and, as it would necessarily not include the heads of the various Cabinets, would probably be composed of second-rate men.

"WILL NEVER PERFORM IN LONDON."

MATTERS have come, it seems, to a crisis between Mr. GEORGE MOORE and the librarians, or rather—and that is the hardship of it—between Mr. MOORE and the admirers who are to be punished for the librarians' sins. To these unfortunate scapegoats, the victims of a prudery with which it is impossible to suppose that they can sympathize, the "English ZOLA" has "respectfully bid 'good-bye.'" There is a world elsewhere, and Mr. MOORE is going thither—a world in which there is no bookstall censorship, no "howls of moral indignation," and no young person with that officious blush always waiting in readiness to be called to her unsophisticated cheek. He is going to be a "shocker" in earnest, and with the shockers stand—a real ZOLA, writing in the native language of that eminent Gymnosophist, and not a mere pale English simulacrum of the great Naturalist, hampered in the exercise of his "art" by a thousand vexatious restrictions, some of them of a statutory nature, beyond and beside those imposed upon him by Messrs. MUDIE and Mr. W. H. SMITH. "I have lost," says Mr. MOORE, in the dignified valedictory advertisement which he has just published for its more grace as a letter to the *Times*—"I have lost 'hundreds of pounds by the continued refusal of the librarians to either sell or circulate my books; and it is 'easy to imagine when a customer asks for my novels, 'how the grave looks and evasive answers of the assistants 'at the stalls prejudice my reputation with the general 'public. In the face of such opposition, it would be useless 'for me to continue as an English writer.' 'Happily,' he continues, 'there is no reason why I should.' He is 'nearly as well known in France as in England'; he has an admirable translator, as a glance at the series of articles he began last Saturday in the *Figaro* will show; he will, therefore, no longer expose himself to the risk of insult by having books again refused by Messrs. MUDIE and SMITH;

he will publish his next book in French, and having noticed that the librarians do not object to DAUDET's *Sapho*, he looks forward confidently to "appearing next year on the 'bookstalls in a yellow cover.'"

Such are the reasons which have induced Mr. MOORE to reverse the principle of his minstrel namesake, and declare his intention of never again performing in London. We can hardly say that we find them conclusive. Apart from any question as to the justice or propriety of the "censor-ship" of which he complains, we have some difficulty in accepting Mr. MOORE's estimate of the pecuniary damage which he has incurred thereby. The "continued refusal of the librarians to either sell or circulate" his books, on the ground of their indecency, may be very painful to his feelings; but how his pocket should have suffered from it—or, at any rate, need have suffered from it—to the tune of hundreds of pounds we cannot understand. The English novel-reading community is, after all, not limited to the purchasers at the railway bookstalls or the subscribers to Messrs. MUDIE'S. There is a considerable, an only too considerable, public for works which are, and because they are, excluded from the catalogue of these purveyors of light literature, and the "grave looks and evasive answers of the 'assistants' who are asked for Mr. MOORE's novels ought to operate among this class of customers, at any rate, as the best of all possible advertisements. It is, in fact, the only English parallel to the "lift" which is given to French novels of the modern type in those rare instances in which the extreme unreserve of their authors brings them within the jurisdiction of a correctional tribunal. We cannot but think that this advantage, whatever it may amount to, must have been reaped by Mr. MOORE already, and we are therefore at a loss to see exactly what he will gain by "appearing on the bookstalls in a yellow cover," but in the French language, instead of appealing to those readers who already find him, as he tells us, "on a Club or drawing-room table" in their mother-tongue. Some allowance must, of course, be made for the fact that Mr. MOORE will, no doubt, be able to spice his novels a little more highly under the new conditions; but then he again must remember that he is about to become a competitor with a class of producers who have carried this peculiar form of literary industry to the highest point of perfection. It is no light matter, as he will find it, to meet the French naturalists of the present day on their own ground. On the whole, therefore, we are disposed to think that Mr. MOORE's "repatriation to a librarian" (what a pity that the hero of "Happy Thoughts" never got beyond the first letter of the alphabet!) is not quite so effective as he seems to imagine it. We are not sure, indeed, that he might not have found it better, before trying this new experiment of his, to ascertain what amount of popularity he might be able to attain in England by writing novels which even "Messrs. MUDIE and SMITH," whom he seems determined to put into partnership with each other, would find no excuse for tabooing. It is just possible that he has failed to secure a public, not because his books are not permitted to be sold, but because they do not permit themselves to be read. After all, a novel may require in these days to possess some other attraction than that of being justly or unjustly regarded as indecent. And if Mr. MOORE wishes to find out whether his books really do possess any other attraction, the best thing he could do would be, just for once, to write an indisputably clean one and watch the result.

A BAD LOOK-OUT.

DR. WITHERS-MOORE, Senior Physician to the Sussex County Hospital, and President of the British Medical Association for this year, has had what is vulgarly called his fling. Whatever else may be the result of his Brighton address on the Degeneracy of Women, it has at least set people talking about Dr. WITHERS-MOORE, and that, after all, is the object of more than half the addresses and speeches which are delivered in this world. The most delightful part of Dr. WITHERS-MOORE's discourse is the worthy Doctor's obvious belief in the novelty of his facts and the originality of his theories. He does, indeed, bring together a number of authorities, many of whom will make but little impression upon the non-medical world, in support of his pet hobby. But he clearly thinks that never before have these disjointed fragments been welded into a complete whole and held up to the admiring gaze of mankind. Dr. WITHERS-MOORE seeks to establish the short but dis-

couraging proposition that society is being ruined by the over-education of women. These learned, but deplorable, persons have no health, no beauty, no enjoyment of life. They are wholly unfit to take care of themselves, and nobody ought to marry them. For, if they should become mothers, which is unlikely, their children, like themselves, will suffer from continual headache. The few "flat-chested girls" who survive their "high-pressure education," to use the elegant language of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, are unfit for anything but pathological specimens. Only fools will in future have healthy children, and the human race will be composed of brainless animals on the one hand and anemic bookworms on the other. This is a gloomy prospect, which would perhaps be more depressing if Dr. WITHERS-MOORE were the original discoverer he plainly imagines himself. The Doctor's statistics, mostly drawn from American sources, show, if they are correct, that American schoolgirls do not take sufficient exercise—a fact, if it be a fact, which seems to have rather a remote bearing upon the question whether the cultivation of the feminine mind in England is at present excessive. Statistics, however, are more productive than Mr. SPENCER's "flat-chested girls," and Dr. WITHERS-MOORE's figures have already stimulated the *New York Evening Post* to publish others of a directly opposite tendency. Dr. WITHERS-MOORE throughout his elaborate and highly-decorated harangue labours under the preliminary disqualification of not knowing what he has to prove. What he asserts at the outset is that women ought not to be as well educated as men. What he deduces in his conclusion is that both boys and girls suffer from too much work and too little play. That girls, from physical reasons, suffer more than boys from a cause injurious to both must be readily admitted.

Dr. WITHERS-MOORE's fears for the future are occasionally somewhat grotesque. *Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo*. But "BACON, for want of a mother, will not be born." Alas, poor BACON! BACON in search of a mother might make the angels weep and the ghost of Captain MARRYAT jealous. Sometimes Dr. WITHERS-MOORE becomes positively bewildering. "What," he exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm, "what if GOETHE's mother had never married? "Would he have written *Faust*?" It is possible that in those painful circumstances GOETHE might have considered the story of MARGARET as too suggestive of a family scandal to be published under his name. It is, we fear, more probable that he would have contemplated the association of circumstances with lofty indifference and Olympian calm. In any case we cannot see what Dr. WITHERS-MOORE is driving at. He can hardly mean that GOETHE would not have written *Faust* if he had never been born, because that would be nonsense, and it is well known that presidents of scientific bodies never talk nonsense. It is the melancholy opinion of Dr. WITHERS-MOORE that, if women work for their living, "the age of chivalry and chivalrous courtesy" (so far as woman is concerned), with all which that "courtesy did to make life noble and beautiful, must indeed be held finally to have passed away." But putting this aside, what we should really like to know is where, apart from worthless statistics, Dr. WITHERS-MOORE finds any evidence that women in this country are over-educated at all. When he meets young ladies in society, as we presume that even a Senior Physician must sometimes do, does he find them brimming over with accurate information on all sorts of subjects? If so, his experience must be singular. Among the thousands of healthy English girls who can play lawn tennis with ease and precision, how many could construe a page of GOETHE, or even of VICTOR HUGO, without a mistake, or work a sum in double rule of three? There may be too much education, no doubt, and there may easily be too many competitive examinations. But to say that an ordinary English girl suffers from either one or the other is to talk nonsense. If Dr. WITHERS-MOORE cherishes in the study, besides expounding on the platform, the theory that Englishwomen are over-educated, let him send to the circulating library for half-a-dozen ladies' novels, and read them straight through, paying particular attention to the grammar and to the quotations from foreign tongues. It is possible that when a girl's education has been almost completely neglected, and she is suddenly pitchforked into Girton and Newnham, she may suffer from trying to compress into three years what ought to have been spread over ten. But that only shows that her mental training should have been more rationally conducted, not that there has been too much of it. No institutions have ever succeeded

better than the Ladies' Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and the notion of girls from Newnham or Girton as stooping, flat-chested, over-crammed monstrosities, is exceedingly diverting to any one who knows anything about them.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

BELFAST has at last apparently been reduced to something like order; but it has required little short of a military occupation to pacify the town. The troops employed in the work possessed the advantage which the Irish Constabulary once enjoyed, but have unfortunately lost—that, namely, of being regarded without ill-will by the rioters of either faction; and, consisting in part of cavalry—that most effective of all weapons for the speedy and bloodless dispersal of excited mobs—they seem to have found little or no difficulty in quelling disturbances which have so long defied all the efforts of the police. Most riots, however, can be put down by converting the *locus in quo* into the semblance of a military encampment; and it amounts, of course, to a virtual confession of failure on the part of authority, as Englishmen understand the word, to have to admit that such extraordinary means are necessary. It is fourteen years since the last serious outbreak in Belfast, and more than twenty since any disturbance so bloody, so determined, and so sustained has taken place in the town. Only three furious riots in twenty-two years is perhaps not so bad an average for Belfast; though, to judge by much that falls from innocent critics on this side of the Irish Channel, one might suppose that head-breaking and stone-throwing were as extraordinary incidents there as is the plunder of West-End shops by a London mob. Still we expect Belfast, like other places, to "improve the record" as time goes on, instead of falling short of it. Every good citizen must look forward to a time when the Catholic JUDAH of Belfast shall not vex the Orange EPHRAIM with brickbats, and when EPHRAIM shall not respond by wrecking whole streets of the houses inhabited by the obnoxious tribe. We look forward to it just as we do to the golden day when priests shall no longer address their flocks from the altar with the words, "Boys, the Protestants are coming here to-morrow. There'll be sticking-plaster wanted." And when we find that the behaviour of the Belfast factions shows a retrogression to the manners of 1864, if not to those of a still more barbarous period, we have a right to some natural disappointment, and may be excused some curiosity as to the reason. Even Mr. BIGGAR's theory, compact and simple as it is, does not account for any of the real elements of gravity in the affair. According to that eminent Nationalist, the parties specially guilty are the Mayor of Belfast, Sir EDWARD HARLAND, and the borough magistrates. It is "perfectly clear to any person" that "these gentlemen have had more to do with inflaming the passions of the people than any other body in the town." Of course, if this really is "perfectly clear to any person" there is an end of the matter, and it only remains for Mr. BIGGAR to take steps to have Sir EDWARD HARLAND placed where he should be—namely, "in the criminal dock as a criminal participator in the present riots," when, upon the perfectly clear evidence which can be brought forward against him, his conviction would be certain. But how different from Mr. BIGGAR's is the view taken by Dr. KANE, the Orange Grand Master of the Ulster district! Strangely enough, he not only does not believe that Sir EDWARD HARLAND provoked the riot, but he holds that on the Protestant side it was never provoked at all. He attributes it wholly to "an unprovoked attack made upon the Protestant Sunday school excursion last Sunday week"; and, so far as giving chapter and verse for his statements goes, it must be admitted that Dr. KANE's account of the matter has, in point of precision, the advantage of Mr. BIGGAR's.

It is certainly not our intention to represent the average Belfast Protestant under the figure of the downtrodden worm who has at last turned. A task so absurdly hopeless as that of "making up" either of the two factions for the part of the injured innocent may be left to the Parnellite prints and to those English newspapers who, until the next jump of the Gladstonian cat, are obliged to take their cue from them. If there be any Englishman so foolish as to believe that the Catholics of the North of Ireland are incapable of taking the initiative in the religious war, we recommend him to study that little incident in the history of an Irish watering-place which was related a few days ago by a correspondent of the *Times*—a case in which

what would have been certainly a savage and probably a murderous attack upon a projected pleasure-party of Protestants was, at the instigation of a parish priest from the altar, deliberately organized, and only through the vigilance and promptitude of the police authorities averted at the eleventh hour. It is, in fact, a mere waste of time in the case of this or any other sectarian riot in Ireland to attempt a nice adjustment of responsibility as between the match and the gunpowder. The only question which is really worth investigating is not that of the attitude of the two hostile factions towards each other, but that of one of them towards the police. What we want to know in England is how it has come about that excited mobs of Belfast Protestants have taken to attacking, not Catholics, but Constabulary, and why the stones which used formerly to fly over the ranks of the police at the mark which they intercepted, have in this case been aimed, not over, but at the heads of the intercepting force. Or rather, since we already know the alleged reasons for the change of aim, we particularly wish to ascertain what, if any, foundation may exist for them in fact. We need not, of course, say that we attach no credit, even provisionally, to the more extreme assertions of Orange partisans. Even Mr. GLADSTONE himself may without difficulty be regarded as

So firm a friend of peace, so quick to pity,
That to gain power he would not sack a city;

while Mr. MORLEY, no doubt, is even further above any suspicion of the kind. But, seeing that the unhappy belief in question has indisputably taken possession of the Protestant mind, and seeing, too, that it has its origin in an attitude and policy on the part of the late Irish Executive which were only too well calculated to beget it, we have a right to some explanation of the motives with which that policy and attitude were adopted. It is idle to attempt to give the go-by to this extremely grave question by representing this disastrous belief of the Belfast Protestants as the product of their own heated imaginations. The temperature of this forcing-bed is no doubt high, but so it has been any time since the battle of the Boyne. Why should it just at this particular crisis have warmed this particular delusion into life? Protestants and Catholics have been held apart by the police in Ulster for generations. Why should one of the two factions now for the first time turn thus fiercely upon the restraining hand?

If the debate on the threatened Amendment to the Address should throw any light on this question—heat it may be trusted to generate—Mr. SEXTON will have rendered a valuable, if unintended, public service. We may, of course, assume that his intention is to denounce the Orangemen and Protestants generally, and, with even more vigour perhaps, the municipal authorities and local magistracy of Belfast. The House will then, no doubt, have the advantage of hearing quite another side of the case—say from Mr. DE COBAIN. Others, we presume, will follow on the same and the opposite side; and when the two factions have thus been fully heard by their respective counsel, we shall await with the greatest interest Mr. MORLEY'S contribution to the debate. It will not, we trust, assume too much of the character of a judicial summing-up; for the proper place for the late Government as regards the matter is, to put it with all possible delicacy, not exactly on the bench. It is true, no doubt, and it is to be regretted, that the *prima facie* case against the Irish Executive in respect to these unhappy incidents has been stated somewhat inaccurately, and consequently with some unfairness, to Mr. MORLEY himself. But the only serious inaccuracy that we are aware of in the received accounts of his official action has been set right in the short but highly authoritative-looking letter addressed to the *Times* a day or two ago by a correspondent signing himself "M."; and, this correction having been duly made, it still remains impossible to deny that there is a *prima facie* case for the late Chief Secretary to answer. An outbreak at Belfast is not like a Salvation Army riot at Worthing; nor may it nearly so excusably take authority by surprise. Conflicts between the Protestants and Catholics of the town repeat themselves pretty regularly without any specially exciting cause, and in the late period of fermentation through which the minds of all Irishmen have been passing, the occurrence of some more than usually violent collision between the two factions might have been anticipated with the utmost confidence. Anticipated no doubt it was, and provided for; but in what way? Why, by means which, whether reasonably or unreasonably—and even the latter hypothesis will not acquit the Government if an unreasonable outbreak was to be

reasonably expected—had the effect of indefinitely aggravating the mischief. The fire-engines, in other words, were brought to the spot with praiseworthy promptitude, and possibly in sufficient numbers; only, unfortunately, they were found to discharge not water, but petroleum. The only remaining question is, whether Mr. MORLEY had or might have had means of knowing the inflammable nature of their charge. We confess we find it difficult to understand or to suggest an excuse for his being without the necessary knowledge. No excited townspeople ever much relish the importation of policemen from outside to keep them in order. Mr. MORLEY had the example of Cardiff to teach him as much as that; and if, further, he was unaware of the feeling with which his particular drafts of country Constabulary were regarded by the Belfast Protestants, he allowed himself to remain in ignorance of a fact on which scores of authoritative and impartial witnesses could have enlightened him.

THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

HER MAJESTY'S visit next week to the Edinburgh International Exhibition will set the seal on a success on which Edinburgh is congratulating itself, and with good reason. Though inferior in extent to the similar exhibitions held in London, Paris, Vienna, and other great cities, it is nevertheless an interesting and most creditable display, and its popularity as a daily and holiday resort is unprecedented in Scotland. In the first month after it was opened by Prince Edward of Wales it was visited by close on half a million of persons, the daily average being about 20,000. Edinburgh served an apprenticeship to this kind of enterprise by organizing minor exhibitions in the departments of Fisheries and Forestry—the former in 1882, the latter in 1884—both of which were successful. These were quite insignificant collections in comparison with the present display, but it cannot be doubted that the experience acquired in getting up and carrying on the preliminary ventures has been of service to the projectors of the more elaborate undertaking.

There is one respect in which the Edinburgh Exhibition has excelled most of its predecessors, and has set an example worthy of being followed—it was got ready in good time. This is so very unusual; it is so much of a proverb that exhibitions are never in order till they have been open for a month, that the forwardness of Edinburgh must be mentioned to the credit of its managers. Even on the opening day the whole of the courts were in presentable order. There were very few vacant stands, and very few incomplete stalls. In the Artisans' Court and the Court of Women's Industries, the exhibits were placed, labelled, and numbered two days before the opening ceremony took place. The department of "Machinery in Motion" was so far advanced that the bulk of the machinery was in motion in the opening week.

The site and the surroundings of the Exhibition building make the place very attractive as a public resort. It stands in the West Meadows, a park of twenty-five acres, which has been completely enclosed with a high and solid hoarding. The buildings cover seven acres; and the other eighteen acres are laid out in gardens, pleasure-grounds, and promenades, which at night are brilliantly illuminated with the electric light. At intervals there are kiosks, pavilions, arbours, and conservatories for various purposes of utility or of ornament, and the combined effect is exceedingly picturesque and pleasing. The shopkeepers of the city are, in fact, complaining that the Exhibition is too attractive. Both citizens and visitors go there to spend their money and their evenings. The theatres and other places of entertainment are half deserted. The favourite evening promenade is no longer Princes Street, but is the North Walk of the Exhibition, with its festoons of variegated incandescent lamps and its courses of music.

The Exhibition buildings are very well adapted to their purpose, both in general design and in detailed arrangement. From the grand hall which forms the head and front of the building a wide central court extends eastward for 720 feet, and terminates in the picturesque reproduction of Old Edinburgh. From this central court there diverge the side courts—seventeen on the north and seventeen on the south—in which the general exhibits are classified. The plan may thus be grasped almost at a glance. The visitor is not liable to the sense of bewilderment which is apt to overcome one when threading the labyrinths of a great exhibition. Any one who has the misfortune to lose himself has no difficulty in making his way back to the central court, where he is at once on the great highway of the building.

As to the exhibits themselves, there is no lack of variety in their character and attractiveness. In the galleries which surround the grand hall there is a collection of pictures, British and foreign, such as Scotland has never seen before. In the grand hall itself music is discoursed at intervals during the day and the evening from a large and powerful organ by Bishop & Sons, London, and by a succession of instrumental bands. In the central and side courts there are characteristic exhibits connected with every department of Scottish industry, along with a fair representation of the industries of England and of foreign countries. Interesting manufacturing processes are shown in operation, such as candle-making from mineral oil, silk spinning and weaving,

straw-plaiting, basket and brush-making by the blind, and biscuit-making. Seven courts are occupied with machinery in motion, and with the engines that drive it, and two with the engines and dynamos connected with the electric lighting of the Exhibition. Two courts are occupied with foreign exhibits. There is an artisans' section, comprising examples of the handiwork of *bona-fide* working-men in models of buildings, boats, ships, steam-engines, and other forms of machinery, and in examples of wood-carving, silver-working, and glass-engraving. There is a section of women's industries, including specimens of Irish lace, poplin, and hosiery, and fine examples of old Brussels and Valenciennes lace, and in this six young women from Shetland and Fair Isle in native costume are engaged in the work of spinning, dyeing, and knitting fine hosiery. Lastly, there is "Old Edinburgh," with its turreted gables, its weatherbeaten walls, its narrow street and narrower closes, its old-fashioned signboards, and the sixteenth-century costumes of the attendants and of the old town guard. The Exhibition thus offers a combination of attractions which ought to satisfy the most exacting and to please every variety of taste.

At the same time, the scope of the Exhibition itself is not very wide. It is more national than international. The foreign exhibits occupy, as has been said, no more than two courts, and they are of a very miscellaneous character, including food stuffs, chemical preparations, tobacco, oil, soap, jewelry, china and glass, terracotta work, bronzes and marbles, and Swiss fancy goods. Some examples of foreign mechanism may be seen in other parts of the Exhibition in connexion with their proper classes; but, on the whole, the collection is not a remarkable success in respect of its contributions from foreign countries. This may be due partly to the rivalry of contemporaneous exhibitions in London and Liverpool, and partly to the fact that Scotland, with a population no greater than that of London, does not afford a tempting market to foreign manufacturers.

It is as a representation of the industries of the British Isles, and chiefly of Scotland, that the Edinburgh Exhibition must be regarded. Viewed in this light, it is undoubtedly a very satisfactory performance. Beginning with the grand hall, we find on the walls and ranged along the sides a fine collection of exhibits connected with the shipping and shipbuilding industries of Glasgow, Leith, and other Scottish seaports. These include highly-finished models and half-models of the great American liners as well as of yachts and dredgers. In another part of the hall there are most attractive stands of pottery, cut crystal, peach-glass and cameo-glass. In another there are fine examples of Scottish jewelry and ornaments in silver and gold, including a most attractive case of Highland military ornaments, and another case, not less interesting, of Communion-cups drawn from all parts of Scotland. Proceeding next to the Central Court, which is the main avenue of the Exhibition, we find other displays of crystal and pottery, and examples of house-painting and internal decoration and furnishing by Scottish houses, which show that this department of art is being successfully cultivated in Scotland. There is a very striking steel trophy shown by the Steel Company of Scotland, and this is succeeded by cases of academic robes, and of ladies' costumes in silk and satin and lace, in fine woollens and tartans, by illustrations of the mineral-oil manufacture, by four magnificent locomotive engines with tenders, all made in Glasgow, and finally by the imposing trophy representing the varied industries of Greenock, among which the manufacture of sugar takes, of course, the foremost place.

Returning to the head of the Central Court, and taking the southern side courts in their order, we have in the first court numerous examples of the earthenware and fire-clay manufactures of Scotland, of polished granite, chiefly from Aberdeen, of the granolithic or concrete industry, and of mining and quarrying, including exhibits from the Lesmahagow, Arncliffe, and Longrigg collieries. The next court is devoted to what are called "sea industries," which comprise ship- and boat-building, life-saving apparatus, and the manufacture of nets. Fish culture and angling appliances, including the manufacture of fishing-rods and of artificial flies, fall within the same class, and in nearly every department Scottish exhibitors take the leading place. The next court is devoted to sanitary appliances; and the next to that is occupied with printing, bookbinding, and the allied industries. Here cases of books and illustrations are shown by the leading publishing houses in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and also by their rivals in Oxford, Cambridge, and London. The exhibits include an elaborate working model of a paint-mill by Craig and Rose, and one of Alexander Fraser's type-setting and type-distributing machines, which is shown in action. Then there are two very interesting courts devoted to road and rail locomotion, in which we find railway-carriages and tramway-cars, carriages and dog-carts, and a bewildering variety of bicycles and tricycles. The centre of one of these courts is occupied by the exhibits of the Liverpool Railway Signal Company, illustrating their interlocking gate system, than which there are few things more interesting in the whole building.

Passing over the courts occupied with refreshment-rooms and with the boilers, engines, and dynamo-machines connected with the electric lighting of the Exhibition, we reach the series of courts devoted to machinery in motion. These courts, taken all in all, form the most attractive feature of the Exhibition. Whatever the attendance may be in other parts of the building, this section is always crowded. In this department printing, lithographing, bookbinding, and paper-finishing take the foremost place; and here

also Scottish houses are first among the foremost. It is curious in this connexion to note that the only example of a rotary press exhibited is a model by Thomas Nelson, of Edinburgh, which was shown at work in the London Exhibition of 1851, and in which the three essentials of curved plates, a web of paper, and a serrated knife to cut the sheets were palpably manifest. The machinery includes appliances applicable to shoemaking, to washing, to the weaving of textile fabrics in silk, worsted, and cotton, to paper-cutting, and to the making of aerated waters, of bread, and of confectioneries, the last being by no means the least attractive item in the programme.

Reverting again to the head of the Central Court, and taking the northern side courts in their order, we find in the first court a varied assortment of mechanical appliances in metal, including tools, safes, locks, strong-rooms, explosives, and other contrivances designed both for offence and defence. The next court on this side is devoted to house furnishing and decoration, including wall-papers and examples of Lincrusta-Walton ornaments and stained glass. The furniture includes many fine examples of oak carving in the old Scottish style, and of upholstery in velvet and in embossed leather. Educational appliances, comprising those for the teaching of geography and of music, occupy the next court, among which the series of maps and plans of Old Edinburgh exhibited by the Scottish Geographical Society claim special attention. Physical education is not forgotten, for the exhibits include cricket-bats and balls, golf-clubs, tennis-racquets in the various stages of manufacture, and the requisites for many other kinds of outdoor games. Then there come several courts devoted to miscellaneous animal and vegetable products, comprising india-rubber in all stages of preparation, shown by Thornton & Co. and by the North British Rubber Company; tweeds and other woollen fabrics, shown by the manufacturers of Galashiels and Hawick, and by local wholesale houses; an elaborate thread trophy in a Gothic case, by Clark, of Paisley; a splendid stand of Russian furs, by Grunwaldt, of St. Petersburg; and, finally, an endless variety of clothing, boots and shoes, and travelling requisites.

Again passing over the refreshment-rooms, which on this side are conducted on temperance principles, we reach a series of courts occupied with lighting, heating, and cooking apparatus, and with scientific appliances. Here the exhibits are of great interest to housewives, comprising as they do all the most recent devices in gas and oil stoves and in kitchen ranges. One of the most ingenious contrivances shown in this section is a self-lighting gas-burner, by Kinnear, of London. Among the other objects of interest we find a variety of magnetic and electric apparatus, diving apparatus, scales and weighing-machines, and several kinds of the type-writers which are now in general use in American offices. The products of science also include numerous varieties of Scotch and Irish whisky and of vegetable oils. These exhibits are continued in the next court, which is devoted to "food stuffs." That title must be taken in a very wide sense, for it is made to include not only preserved meat, preserved fruit, wheaten and barley flour, oatmeal, corn-flour, and cocoa, but also malts, whiskies, ales, and tobacco. The next court, which is occupied chiefly with chemicals, also betrays some eccentricities of classification, since it includes not only exhibits of a pharmaceutical character, shown by Duncan, Flockhart, & Co. and other manufacturing druggists, and strictly chemical products by the Eglinton Chemical Company, Glasgow, but also seeds and roots, sauces and biscuits, whisky and ale, and, most strangely of all, wedding-cakes and confectionery.

We come next to the foreign exhibits, to the artisan section, and to the section of women's industries, all of which have been already referred to. This exhausts a hasty bird's-eye view of the interior of the Exhibition. A brief reference may be made to the open-air exhibits in the grounds. These include examples of wire fencing, of iron houses, of pottery work, of shipbuilding, of paper roofing, of stone slabs cut by machinery, of conservatories and garden decoration, and of gas-stoves in action. The most important of these outside exhibits, however, is a very attractive and solidly-built working-man's model dwelling-house, from the design of Lord Dean of Guild Gowans, the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition, to whom more than to any other man the success of the whole undertaking is due.

No account of the Edinburgh Exhibition would be complete which did not refer, however briefly, to its system of electric lighting. Nothing of the kind on so extensive a scale has ever been attempted in Scotland before. It is satisfactory, therefore, to be able to say that the illumination is entirely satisfactory. It forms, in fact, one of the most striking, and, as far as experience has gone, one of the most successful, features of the Exhibition. When it is said that there are five different systems in use, the meaning is that the lights are supplied by five different firms of makers whose systems differ from one another only in points of detail. To the public, there are only two systems apparent—that of the arc lamp and that of the incandescent lamp. While the use of the former in the grand hall, in the picture-galleries, in the side courts, and in the grounds, shows its adaptability for lighting wide spaces, the use of the latter in the Central Court and in the shops of Old Edinburgh shows how well fitted it is to supply light for commercial and domestic purposes. There are 300 arc lamps in the Exhibition and in the grounds, nearly all of 3,000-candle power; and there are 2,900 incandescent lamps, mostly of 20-candle power each. United, they yield a light equal to that of 725,000 candles. The variegated incandescent lamps hung in festoons over the North

Promenade are rather feeble to be effective; but the general result of the lighting is very brilliant, and tends to make the Exhibition as attractive and as comfortable by night as it is by day.

"THE MILL, MILL OH!"

THE comedy, or tragedy, or tragi-comedy of the East Birmingham election is so simple, sensuous, and passionate, it appeals so directly to the laughter and tears of the ordinary man, that it might seem almost unnecessary to comment on it. If, indeed, its end had come at the beginning (a slight Hibernicism is permissible in reference to a matter so closely connected with the Irish Question), it would have been equally superfluous and cruel to dwell on the last slap in the face to Mr. Schnadhorst, the latest humiliation of the Caucus, the adventurous rise and the most unadventurous and deplorable climb-down of Mr. Alderman Cook. But several things happened before the end, things which really cannot be left unsung or at least unsaid. Whatever had been Mr. Matthews's fate at Birmingham, there is no doubt that he would have succeeded in making his reputation as a lively and pointed speaker. The appointment of Sir William Harcourt to the Home Office was in some inscrutable way the sign and symbol of the downfall of his reputation for brilliancy. We are quite unable to account for the fact; it was probably a parallel case to that interesting one when

At Kilve there was no weathercock,
And that's the reason why!

Whether there was in the Home Office a particular piece of furniture which had a malefic influence on the powers of Sir William Harcourt, whether some Garuda stone or other talisman was concealed about the place, cannot be affirmed or denied. But it is quite clear that, if there was, its influence does not extend to Mr. Matthews, even though he was exposed to the same risk (though not, luckily, to the same result) of having to go a-wandering for a seat in the House of Commons. Nothing in his lively beating-up of the excellent, the accommodating, the alas! unfortunate Alderman Cook's quarters seems to have annoyed Radicals so much as the parallel between Mr. Cook's conversion and certain famous American processes of manufacture. But that parallel has been made more amusing since by the apparent affection of the victim for the process and by its ultimate ill-success. Mr. Alderman Cook is by this time treble-milled, as the clothiers say; he has been passing backwards and forwards and being worked up into different shapes with a positively bewildering rapidity and plasticity. Never was such a Protean Alderman known, or, to change the metaphor, never had a British tradesman such an astonishing stock of different political goods on hand to suit the tastes of all customers. No sooner was the order issued to him as to a celebrated namesake of his, "Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook," than any pretty little tiny political kickshaws required, whether of Unionism or Separatism, of Gladstonianism or Hartingtonianism, were at once forthcoming. Only when Mr. Arthur Chamberlain ventured to suggest that the various kickshaws did not on the whole agree with one another did Mr. Cook's accommodating temper suffer a slight change. But for this too great inquisitiveness of that member of the Chamberlain family we should not have despaired of seeing Mr. Cook announce himself as, on the whole, a better Tory than Mr. Matthews, and as having been all along (only they didn't know it) the true and genuine representative appointed by Providence for the Conservatives of the Eastern division of Birmingham. As it was, however, certain little difficulties arose, and the result was that Mr. Alderman Cook not only did not obtain a seat in Parliament, but is a very unmercifully roasted Cook, and retires provided with perhaps the most bewildering assortment of pledges that any gentleman in his position ever took upon himself.

This accommodating disposition at first sight seems to contrast with the noble firmness of a body with whom Mr. Alderman Cook is closely connected, though the connexion has not been fortunate for either. The manifesto issued by the rump of the old National Liberal Federation (a body which, if it were careful to adjust names to facts, would now call itself the Separatist Gladstonian League) is, of course, a document of some interest. It would be easy to object to the demands which Sir James Kitson, Bart., Sir Balthasar Foster, Kt., and the other equally defeated but less betitled representatives of Gladstonianism make upon politeness by affecting to speak for "the Liberal party." That affectation is pardonable if only because, were it not made, the writers or speakers would have no *locus standi* for writing or speaking, and no man can justly be expected to put himself out of court. And if these newly-made knights and baronets find the situation "highly encouraging," those who are opposed to them certainly have no reason to quarrel with their optimism. They have no doubt of "the speedy success" of their cause; after which the statement that they are "filled with confidence regarding its future" would appear to be something of a tautology, if not of an anti-climax. But it is, perhaps, superfluous to criticize the wording of a document obviously intended to disguise under tall talk the chagrin of a ruinous and disgraceful overthrow. It was not to be expected that the body which calls itself the National Liberal Federation should admit that it has made a gross political blunder, as well as that it has undergone a crushing defeat. The valiant Home Rule professions of Sir James and

Sir Balthasar may very probably—and if Mr. Gladstone should change his mind or be removed from the political scene certainly would—give way very rapidly to any other creed which the wire-pullers of the moment thought likely to be successful. For it must never be forgotten (and here we return to our Mr. Cook) that the Gladstonian party can never be justly reproached with inconsistency in deserting the cause of Mr. Parnell should it see fit to do so. By the enormous tergiversation of this spring it has earned the right to claim or disclaim any political convictions whatever. As no man who held the avowed convictions of the Liberal party last year on the subject of Irish self-government can produce, or has attempted to produce, reasons for sincere change of views, so no further change can be reasonably described as a perversion. The school of politicians who recognize their chiefs in Mr. Gladstone and his followers of the Caucus Rump has escaped the reproach of apostasy once for all by avowing its freedom from any kind of conviction. That it should be so largely represented in a country where only the slightest constitutional impediments exist to the most reckless and profligate experiments with national institutions is, no doubt, a matter for very serious anxiety. But we hope that when, as is very likely, Sir James Kitson, perhaps then Lord Elmete, appears as a hot Unionist, and Sir Balthasar Foster (then possibly Viscount Cologne) pins his faith on Provincial Councils, no one will be so uncharitable or so ill-advised as to accuse either of being false to principle and conscience.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Alderman Cook, though at present a mere Esquire, and not even a Knight, much less a B.B.K., as those who truly love their Gladstone may hope to be, has not been in the main outlines of his conduct unworthy of the School of Schnadhorst. It was only when his excited feelings led him to refuse a fresh affirmation of principle that he went clearly and lamentably wrong. Mr. Weller's friend who utilized the surplus population of cats laid stress on the convenience of "making a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites vary." This was exactly Mr. Alderman Cook's earlier and wiser principle. But if Mr. Brooks (his name was Brooks, though the question is not set in the celebrated examination paper) had been false to the laws of supply and demand, and had insulted the majesty of the public by obstinately presenting weals for kidneys or contumaciously refusing to answer the just inquiry whether this or that specimen was a weal or no, does any one think that his trade could have prospered? Most certainly not. The unfortunate access of independence which Mr. Cook suffered last Tuesday may or may not have sealed his fate for Birmingham. But it must remain for all time an awful example of electioneering blunder for those profound and philosophic critics who judge not merely by the event. What could it have cost a man who had been through the mill so often already to go through it once more? Clearly nothing. When you have once thrown your cap well over or passed your conscience well through the mill, subsequent operations neither cost nor count. This, however, was not Mr. Cook's view. When Mr. Arthur Chamberlain, in the mildest way in the world, and for aught we know with the constitutional authorization of a vote for the constituency, thought he would rather like to know what Mr. Cook really did mean, the excellent Alderman's course was clear. He should have reiterated his Unionist profession, keeping the other (or others) ready for any inquirer of another persuasion, "just as the market changes and appetites vary." But this he did not see. Perhaps the feeling that the House of Chamberlain is too much with Birmingham (a feeling which, according to credible report, comes upon Birmingham men now and then, and which certainly came even upon the faithful Mr. Dixon, now fully reconciled, some years ago) affected him; perhaps he had lost his temper with the Home Secretary's good jokes. At any rate he lost his temper now; questioned Mr. Chamberlain's "sincere desire to serve him," declared that a weal was just the same thing as a kidney, refused to be catechized and made a catspaw of (catspaw is good, catechized catspaw is good), and then made a speech, declaring his intention to use his own individual opinion, asserting that he had not departed one iota from the principles he professed (but which of them, good Mr. Cook? which of them?), vowing that he was not going to be "pulled about by the Radical Union," talking about tools of tyranny, and appealing to the men of Birmingham to resent dictation of this kind—the dictation, that is to say, which mildly requests a political personage to make up his mind whether he is going to run with the hare or hunt with the hounds, and which suggests that it is not inconvenient for voters to know whether they are voting for Union or for Repeal. Thus poor Mr. Cook, having apparently come to the conclusion that of going through the mill, as of all carnal delights, cometh satiety.

"And then the end," as Mr. Morris (of Parnassus) observes in some mournful numbers. But the end, though bewilderingly rapid, unexpected, and dramatic, was in this case, except to Mr. Cook and his friends, very far from mournful. After all his manliness and his determination never to be a catechized catspaw; after all his exertions, passive at least, in being put through the mill, Mr. Cook came down. Whether the process of being perpetually milled takes all the backbone out of a man; or whether poor Mr. Cook was so muddled by all the tests which he has taken and refused to take that he lost his presence of mind altogether; or whether, as folk say, the ample means of acquiring information which are still at the disposal of the Caucus acquainted that body with the unpleasant fact that it could only fight with the certain result of a

tremendous beating, we know not. But Mr. Cook came down; and the great protest which the reunited Liberal party was going to make, and for the purpose of making which Mr. Cook went through the mill so often, was not made, neither—in this instance at least—can be made for ever and ever!

POLITICAL PREACHING.

WHEN we called attention last week to Mr. Bosworth Smith's able and manly speech at the recent annual meeting of the Church Defence Association, we observed that he concluded with a warning as to the ignorance of the great mass of newly-enfranchised voters on the real state of the question, which makes them a ready prey to the sophistries of Liberationist orators. This warning was described in the *Times* as conveying a tacit, and not undeserved, reproach to the clergy for not taking more pains to enlighten them, with the rider added however that it did not mean to recommend political sermons. That the clergy have not always been as prompt, as might be desired, to instruct their people—whether in the pulpit or elsewhere—on the true nature of great political issues which have a moral and religious as well as a merely political side—and it was clearly to such cases only that Mr. Smith referred—may be true enough. No reasonable man certainly could blame them for pointing out plainly, either on the platform or even on occasion in the pulpit, the benefits of an Established Church and the weighty arguments, historical, practical, ethical, not to say Scriptural, by which the principle of a national establishment of religion may be abundantly vindicated. Neither again do we see any reason whatever for censuring those of the clergy who have taken a decided part in the controversy on which the last election hinged. With mere Orange denunciations of Popery, such as were at one time too common in Ireland and even among a section of the more extreme Evangelical clergy in England, we need not say that we have less than no sympathy. But that was not the point at issue, and no sensible opponent of the Disruption scheme ever supposed it was. The unity and integrity of this great Empire is a cause which may well command the united homage and elicit the united and active support of clergy and laity, of Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists, and in fact there were cases where ministers of all three kinds stood side by side on the same platform to join in urging the claims of the Unionist candidate. Nor should we be at all surprised to learn that the concurrence of the Queen's Accession this year with Trinity Sunday had been taken advantage of in many churches to emphasize the duty of national loyalty at a crisis of exceptional importance; and we certainly should have no fault to find with those who had so utilized the occasion. But if the clergy have shown some slackness in speaking their mind on political questions when they might well do so, and have incurred reproof for their silence, they may fairly plead that their choice in the matter is not always an easy one, and that, placed as they are between two fires, there is some excuse for regarding a discreet reserve as the better part of valour. No sooner had the *Times* reproached them for keeping silence from good words than one of its correspondents, who dated from the Devonshire Club, and was careful to dub himself "a very loyal Churchman" the moment he opened his mouth, came forward to "protest" against the *Times* itself for bidding the clergy to be more outspoken on political subjects, and the clergy for doing what the *Times* charges them with having neglected. "H. W. W."—whoever he may be—declares the Church Defence Association to be "so hopelessly committed to Toryism" that no Liberal Peer or M.P.—"not even among the most Churchy"—will attend its meetings. Yet he tells us in the same breath that the late Dr. Lee, though "an uncompromising Tory," was always most anxious to secure their attendance, which hardly looks as if the fault lay altogether on the clerical side. Nor does he take any note of the fact that the principal speaker at this year's meeting was so pronounced a Liberal layman as Mr. Bosworth Smith, whose address appears to have been received with general applause. As regards the ordinary practice of the Anglican clergy, "H. W. W." makes the following wonderful assertion, which cannot fail to suggest a natural curiosity as to what places of worship he is himself in the habit of frequenting:—

What they do in Nonconformist places of worship I do not know, but that in places of worship of the Established Church most unmistakably political sermons of the most aggressive character are delivered and have long been delivered from scores of pulpits—even to the length of declaring, as I have heard it said, that Liberalism and Christianity are altogether incompatible—I know from the evidence of my own ears. And this has been done where there could not possibly be a question of Liberationism.

To be sure Dr. Johnson once said that "the devil was the first Whig," but then he explained his meaning, and it is just possible that the preacher who declared, or was understood by "H. W. W." to declare, that "Liberalism and Christianity were incompatible" was using "Liberalism" in much the same sense Johnson attached to Whiggism; it may be questioned whether he meant *e.g.* to imply that no member of the Devonshire Club—even the most Churchy—could be saved. Such however must have been pretty much the impression conveyed to "H. W. W.'s" mind, to judge by the terrific denunciation which follows, and which reads rather like an adapted extract from an Encyclical of Pius IX.:—

It is not the ingratitude or impropriety of their political propaganda in the pulpit that I complain of, but the downright profanity and dishonesty.

These are men pledged by a holy vow—and expressly instituted, paid, and admitted to recognized privileges on that understanding—to give themselves up to a spiritual ministry, and in front of the very altar they prostitute the sacred building and their sacred office to secular ends which may, after all, be based on error. This is not only a distinct breach of contract, it is also a desecration of a holy office. And then the parishioners are entitled to some consideration. . . . If I may apply a saying of Lord Beaconsfield's used in the election of 1874, I sometimes wonder how such clergymen can, after being so unfaithful to their charge, say their prayers at night.

We have seen that "H. W. W." professes an absolute ignorance—which sounds a little strange even in "a very loyal Churchman," who of course scrupulously holds aloof from all schismatical worship—of what Nonconformist preachers do. And as he knows nothing about the matter himself, he is not in a position to affirm that the *Times* is wrong when it speaks of the Nonconformist practice of preaching political sermons. Conceivably it may be so, though no such rumour has invaded the serene repose of the Devonshire Club. But one thing at all events is very certain, and that is that sauce for the clerical goose is not, and from the nature of the case cannot be, sauce for the Nonconformist gander. Does any Tory bigot ask why? The question is an absurd one, but *ex abundante cautela* it shall be answered; "please note the difference." In the first place these excellent Nonconformists—even if the *Times* is right about them—"do not preach Liberalism but Liberationism, which is part and parcel of their creed . . . disapproval of the Established Church is of the very essence of their creed. They are Nonconformists because they are not Churchmen." To which we may reply "in the first place" that this is very strange logic indeed. To "disapprove of the Established Church" is not necessarily to disapprove of establishment, any more than to be "a very loyal Churchman" need imply any special loyalty to the principle of establishment, or even any approval of it; and in fact the three principal Dissenting sects in this country at all events separated from the Church of England on grounds wholly irrespective of the question of establishment; the Independents under the Commonwealth were themselves established, and the Wesleyans would certainly have had no objection to being established. But moreover "H. W. W." is quite mistaken in imagining that only "Liberationism and not Liberalism" is preached at Salem Chapel. If it was consistent with his loyal Churchmanship to sit under a course of the Rev. Stiggins he would hear plenty of both, though it may be shrewdly suspected that the Liberationism is the inspiring motive of the Liberalism. But he has in reserve yet another and still more marvellous proof that there is no analogy between political preaching in Anglican and Dissenting pulpits; "the Nonconformist ministers are in the eyes of the Church laymen; their chapels are somewhat offensively regarded as secular buildings." Considering that their chapels are habitually used for public meetings, concerts, tea-parties, and other secular purposes, they are apparently regarded as secular buildings by themselves. Be that as it may, if "H. W. W." thinks that we ought to regard them as sacred buildings his alleged distinction vanishes at once. But in any case the distinction is wholly irrelevant. Dissenting ministers may be laymen in the eyes of the Church, but they are not laymen in their own eyes or in the eyes of their congregation, which is the real point of comparison. They speak from the pulpit to their own flocks with the responsibility—and, what is more, with the influence—of religious ministers; and therefore if it be a "prostitution of their sacred buildings and their sacred office" on the part of the clergy to preach politics, it is equally a prostitution on the part of Nonconformist ministers, though we cannot exactly say that it is perpetrated "in front of the very altar," because altars do not happen to be any "part of the furniture of Ebenezer." Let us not be misunderstood. We disapprove as decidedly as "H. W. W." of political sermons as a general rule, either in church or chapel, but we will venture to assure him that for one that is preached in church, at least a hundred are preached in chapel; and if a balance is to be struck between the quality of the rival preachments, we are afraid the palm of "sweet reasonableness" will hardly be assigned to Ebenezer. The clergy in general are more than content with "the platform and the possession of their vote"; "H. W. W." says "their double vote," but we have yet to learn that either ordination or a benefice confers a second vote.

From the *Times*' correspondent who is so wroth with "political parsons" we turn to a letter from "One of Them" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is no less wroth with parsons who are not political. It is rather hard therefore, as we hinted just now, for parsons who wish to lead a quiet life to know what line to take. They are equally open to indictment whether they speak or whether they forbear. According to one critic, they are guilty of "downright profanity and dishonesty" if they speak; according to the other, it is an obsolete "spirit of Judaism"—which is somehow or other at the same time entirely alien from the spirit of "the old Hebrew prophets" and "the principles of the Sermon on the Mount"—that makes them hold their tongues. And yet, when we come to look a little below the surface, there is not so much difference perhaps between the two criticisms as might at first sight appear. We have seen already that it is avowedly Conservative preaching which so greatly outrages the former in his sense of the fitness of things; it is equally clear that to refrain from Liberal—and that too in the extreme sense of Disruptionist—preaching, is what incurs the anathema of the "Political Parson."

The clergy of the Establishment have sadly alienated from themselves

and their Church the sympathies of the robust, hard-working, hard-headed English artisan. In his vocabulary, "Parson" and "Tory" have become almost synonymous, and in too many cases he has learned to look upon the village rector or the city curate as the enemy of all his political aspirations instead of the sympathizer in all his hopes.

And his political hopes and aspirations are evidently assumed to include the Disruption scheme, for we are told soon afterwards, with an undisguised sneer, that "it may be very discreet just now to praise the patriotism of Washington rather than of Parnell, and to admire American rebels of the eighteenth century in preference to Irish Nationalists of the nineteenth century." In short what "H. W. W." condemns is not preaching politics, but preaching Tory politics; what his parsonic brother commends is not political parsons, but parsons who preach Liberalism and have the insight to deduce Home Rule from "the principles of the Sermon on the Mount." And we are compelled once more to remind both of them that sauce for the goose is also sauce for the gander, and that, if political preaching is dishonest and profane, it is just as wrong to preach Liberal doctrines—which the "political parson" openly advocates and the anti-political layman tacitly condones—as to preach Tory doctrines, which the latter fiercely denounces and the former implicitly condemns. To our own apprehension the matter lies in a nutshell. Political preaching as a rule is to be eschewed, but to this as to all general rules there are obvious exceptions. Clergymen, as Mr. Bosworth Smith put it, do not cease to be men, and have a right like all other citizens to hold and on suitable occasions to express their political convictions. And the clergy of the National Church are clearly in their rights, and are only doing their duty, in taking care that their people are properly instructed in the benefits—social and political, as well as directly religious—of a National Church. Yet even here they will do wisely, when circumstances permit, to bear in mind the old proverb *Quod facit per alium facit per se*. The political parson, who records his own oratorical successes with such a charming naïveté, had evidently never been accustomed to write in his copy-book the motto, indelibly bound up with our own childish recollections, "Self-praise is no commendation." But there is much force in the remark often made that even a poor speech from a layman in defence of the Established Church is of more practical value than the most eloquent clerical address. Meanwhile we feel confident that the English clergy will not follow the counsels of their maladroit clerical adviser, or imagine that they are likely to recover "the sympathies of the robust, hard-headed, hard-working English artisan"—to say nothing of "the horny-handed sons of toil"—by condescending to an ignoble rivalry with Nonconformist agitators, who turn their pulpits into a platform; though it must be allowed that even the tub oratory of the dear Dissenting brother is beaten hollow by the full-mouthed demagogism of the Irish "P.P." to say nothing of the Irish prelate.

LATIN JOHN.

THE name of this singular historical personage was Juan Latino. It was first made familiar to a world of readers by Cervantes, in the Sonnet of Urganda "to the *Book of Don Quixote de la Mancha*," the original of which runs thus:—

Pues al cielo no le plu—
Que salieses tan ladi—
Como el negro Juan Lati—
Hablar latines rehu—

Urganda was the personal friend and counsellor of Amadis de Gaul, who, to serve him in a great strait on one occasion, and to hide him from the enemies that pursued him, raised a smoke which lasted four days, and "it was so black that men could not even read their own thoughts." Cervantes invented the above style of verse to enable this lady to appear in the world of letters in her true character. The translation of her dark sayings is as follows:—

Since Heaven's will hath kept thee back
From turning out a classic Don,
Like Juan Latino, he the black,
Leave thou latinity alone.

Unlike Urganda, however, Latin John was a real man, and a negro, not a "tinted Moor," as Diego Ximenes de Enciso would have us believe in his drama, but a genuine blackamoor, "an Ethiopian" ("Hic Joannes Latinus Æthiopus—res prodigiosa"), as Andreas Schottus tells us in his *Hispania Bibliotheca sive de Academiis et Bibliothecis*, an "unmitigated nigger," to use the language of insolent discourtesy. Latin John is mentioned by all the great bibliographers in the highest terms. His Latin poems were printed in Granada in 1573, and not long after he appears to have died, and was buried in the famous church of Santa Ana of that city, where there is a monument to his memory, inscribed with an epitaph in which he is called "Filius Æthiopum, prolesque nigerrima patrum." Unfortunately Latin John's poems have been long out of print; there is no copy of them at hand, not even in the British Museum; indeed it is one of the rarest books in the world, although there is a copy in the Public Library at Boston, from which we learn that it was printed "Granate. Ex officina Hugonis de Mena. 1573." The poems are spoken of with praise, and are on such subjects as Ferdinand, son of Philip II., Pope Pius V., Don Juan of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, and on the city of Granada, making up a quarto volume of 165 pages.

It is a cause of wonder, certainly of regret, that the life of Latin John should apparently have been unknown to Sir Arthur Helps, who was not only a good Spanish scholar, intimately acquainted with the Spanish literature of the period, but, as we all know, was also a warm-hearted advocate of the negro's cause. Latin John would have delighted Sir Arthur, and supplied him with ample testimony on the intellectual faculties of the African race, as well as on the accomplishments possible to negroes. For Latin John was not only a famous professor of Greek and Latin in the Cathedral school of Granada. He was an accomplished swordsman, of polished manners, a lover, a wit, a musician, and, what is more, he fell in love with one of the beauties of Granada. The lady also fell in love with Latin John, and, to the credit of every one concerned, including the lady's kinsfolk, they were married in the Cathedral church, and the Bishop performed the ceremony. Among the notables present on the occasion was no less a personage than Don John of Austria. This reminds us that the latest mention of Latin John is that made by the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell in his elaborate work devoted to Don John of Austria. Sir William says (vol. i. 454, n):—"Juan Latino was brought from Africa as an infant, and reared as a slave in the house of the great Captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, by whom he was liberated, and he afterwards became master of the grammar school attached to the cathedral of Granada." "Juan Latino, a black man," says Sir William in his text, "produced an epic, which has, not unjustly, been consigned to that oblivion which few epics have escaped." Sir William—trusting, perhaps, to the notice quoted below—is not accurate in these statements. El Gran Capitan was born in 1453, and died 1515, and as Latin John was not married before the battle of Lepanto, which took place in 1571, and was twenty-eight years old when he did marry, it was not likely that he was reared in the house of Gonsalvo de Cordova; it is also highly probable that Sir William never saw the "black man's epic," which is spoken of with much regard by more than one competent critic. Tradition as well as the best authorities coincide in telling us that Latin John was reared in the house of Pedro Fernandez de Cordova, Duke of Sesa, grandson and heir of El Gran Capitan, who lived in Granada, and became famous for his devotion to letters and his affection for learned men. The Duke's house was noted for its literary assemblies, to which it appears the little negro was freely admitted, and was employed in "carrying books from the library for his owner." Indeed, he is spoken of as if he were a pet dog; and because of the affection which sprang up between the Duke and the slave, the slave not only had granted to him the run of the family library, but he also shared in the lessons of his master. Friendly discussions on literature and the poets took place often in the Duke's palace, and on a memorable morning, the date of which is not given, the black man "ventured to differ" in opinion with the Duke and his friends on an estimate of the Latin poet Ovid; for the learned reader knows that in the fourteenth century there was a Spanish Ovid, the best of whose musical verse no one has ventured to do into English through a wholesome fear of the common law. Had Latin John been a quadruped suddenly endowed with human speech, he could not have become more famous than he did from that day, not only in Granada, but at Salamanca, in Madrid, and Seville. The Duke his master considered it a "great glory to hold so distinguished a man as his property," and where the Duke went there went Latin John. Now there lived in Granada a famous man who early lost his wife, leaving him with an only child, whom he greatly loved, but also, in modern phrase, "spoiled." Her father let "her have her own way in everything," and, as he was passionately devoted to the chase, he was seldom at home, and the child Ana had no one to take care of her but a bed-ridden aunt and a feeble nurse. This is all that is known of the little child. But at the time of Latin John becoming famous as a philosopher and a linguist we hear of Doña Ana de Carleval as the idol of Granada. "All the people of Granada loved her, not only for her beauty, but for the natural sweetness of her complexion." Doña Ana, it seems, was fond of the society of learned men, for we hear of her entertaining in her father's house the Duke de Sesa and Latin John, together with other *literati* of the city. The conversation, we are told, turned at one of their meetings on the need of the Latin tongue to persons of literary tastes and pursuits. Again did Latin John's lips drop pearls. "Indeed," said he at the end of his argument, with the freedom which distinguished him, "I have no knowledge of any man of learning becoming famous in literature who was not learned in the Latin tongue." "I am sorry to hear you say so," said Doña Ana. "Why so, my lady?" inquired the negro. "Because," she answered in a "sweet pensiveness"—*una muy dulce tristeza*—"that, although I am well read in books, yet, according to you, I shall never be able to draw from them all the knowledge that I would, because I am quite ignorant of the Latin tongue." "You, my lady," with modest firmness, said the learned negro, "are more learned than most women, and know already more than is necessary for a woman to know; but, as men are dependent upon women for the best of all knowledge, the knowledge you already possess places you in a position to enable them to redeem this so gracious an obligation perfectly." "Ah!" she replied, with the same melancholy as before, "I shall always remain within the narrow limits which no woman of ordinary education ever gets out of, although that is not my desire." "Pues," said the black philosopher, "improve upon it; apply yourself to Latin, and overcome all difficulty." "Do you know that I am nineteen years

old?" said she. "Of the same age," replied he, "was Laura Terracina when she began to study Latin; and her verses were, in her own day, the astonishment of all Italy." "Would you like to be my instructor?" said Doña Ana. "If I were free," said Latin John, "nothing would give me greater pleasure; but you know that I have a master." "Yes, and so courteous a one," she answered, "that I am sure if you told him my wish he would not refuse you leave to come here some time to teach me." "So I believe," said Latin John, "and I will go even now, make known your wish to him, and return to receive your commands." The Duke gave his consent, and John had given to him *libertad absoluta* to enter the house of his pupil at all hours of the day that were given to study. So the lessons began. John at that time was about twenty-five years old. To his own amazing discomfort we are told he soon discovered that he was in love with his divine pupil. Instead, therefore, of repairing with his wonted punctuality to enlighten Doña Ana in Latin syntax, he betook himself to the banks of the Genil, "a river which," observes a biographer of Juan Latino, "it is well known has for centuries received the tears of numerous disconsolate lovers."

Among the aristocratic youth of Granada who aspired to the hand of Doña Ana was Don Fernando Alabez de Valor, a descendant of one of the most famous ancient Moorish families in Granada. He adored Doña Ana, and hated the idea of the black being her companion, but found it necessary to keep these *sentimientos* to himself. He had a sister of a bright and happy nature who was very charming and full of grace and wit. One day as her brother Don Fernando was visiting Doña Ana, there happened to be present several venerable gentlemen and the negro. It should be recollected that in those days the Spanish nobles were the best dressed men in the world, as dressing went then. The women were as plainly attired as barn-door poultry, but the men went as splendid in purple and gold as cock pheasants. In the midst of their discourse Doña Maria Alabez, the sprightly, was announced, who, on entering, seeing the gay assembly of venerable men, her own handsome brother and Latin John, in "the burnished livery of the sun," exclaimed in her happiest manner, "*Valgame Dios!* You seem like the wise men from the East come to worship." On which our negro exclaimed, making a profound *abatimiento*, "Yea, verily, my lady, and you the star, which has appeared to guide us." Everybody applauded the gallantry and ready wit of the negro except Doña Ana, who, although she was devoted to learning and nothing of a *beata*, was a devout Catholic, and not perhaps sufficiently advanced in letters to distinguish a literary or poetical figure of speech from a sentiment that to her seeming came dangerously near to being profane. At length they all took their leave of Doña Ana except the negro, for it was now the regular hour for the Latin lesson. He was proceeding to reach down the usual books when Doña Ana stopped him. "Pardon me," she said, "I am not well enough to-day for rules and precepts." "I am very sorry," said Latin John; "what has occasioned this sudden alteration in your health?" "My health," the lady is reported to have said, "can matter little to you when nothing ails that of Doña Maria, who, it appears, is a star for the guidance of wise men!" "In applying that epithet to this lady I have done nothing more than what duty calls from my courtesy and lowly state," said Latin John. "You make a good deal of your lowliness, I think," said the lady. "Would to God it were not so great . . . then . . . but . . . can you imagine any other motive?" stammered John, who probably was as much affected as the lady herself, but not so angry. "I know nothing," she retorted, "and want to know nothing of motives—all I know is that Doña Maria is a person of much merit, and you . . . you are a man like all the rest of them." "You make a great mistake, my lady," said Latin John with firmness, "in saying that I am like all other men. You know full well that neither this lady nor any other in her circumstances can have any consideration for me other than to despise me. Only they hope for happiness who are favoured by their destiny, as, for example, Don Fernando, the brother of this lady who is smiled upon by you—and he deserves it well; is he not fair, of high birth, and great riches, and does not all Granada hope to see you happy?" "There must be many grounds for hope," said Doña Ana with real feeling, "seeing that Don Fernando is of all men the one of whom I most weary." "Why?" "How know I?" she answered, as if now not knowing what she said; "inclination is not subject to reason, and that which is lovable to one is a cause of horror to others"—and having so said she rose and fled from the presence of the negro, for pure shame, or displeasure, or some other emotion, leaving Latin John astonished and stupefied, gazing on nothing, without moving his lips, much like some rustic clown to whom are shown things rare and never before seen, and he trembled, not knowing what to do, but well knowing that Doña Ana's resentment sprang from jealousy and that she loved him. A struggle began in the negro's soul—a struggle, it is said, which for the first time in his life brought his life vividly before him. He moved towards the door through which Doña Ana had gone; his lips now compressed; the vacant stare had left his face; and, as if answering some unseen accuser, he exclaimed aloud:—"No! I will not live for ever to be twice a slave, the slave at once of destiny and of my own choice"; and he went out as if bent on search of Doña Ana.

Latin John became renowned as a scholar and *como un caballero*, revered by all classes, from the highest to the lowest, not only for his learning, but for his manners. The Duke de Sesa and his friends regarded him as one of the wonders of the literary world.

Doña Ana's house was situated in that part of Granada which faces the fields; it stood in the midst of a large and delightful garden. One night Latin John, in a fit of exalted love, left his home, and, as they say in that city, went to eat a little iron—or sing, or converse, at the grating of his adored, whose chamber window looked on to the garden. John carried his laud and his sword, for he was a master of the uses of both those instruments, and he sang a carol to his love of his own composing. Scarcely had he finished his song when he found himself in the presence of three armed men in disguise, having drawn swords. Our negro drew his sword, and used it so well that he grievously wounded one, frightened another, and finally found himself engaged with none other than Don Fernando Alabez de Valor, his aristocratic rival. There was no time for reflection; the negro would have willingly lowered his sword and yielded himself to this grandee of Spain, but Latin John, the man of letters, the friend of the most famous soldier of the day, and the favoured of all Granada, could not yield, but fought on, disarmed his antagonist, and then, so tradition goes, he picked up his adversary's sword and restored it, saying, "Señor Don Fernando, I did not know you; take back your sword, and consider mine as in its scabbard, and that I am he who kisses your hands and puts himself at your feet." With that he walked away, leaving Don Fernando stupefied with rage, but quite equal to understanding the meaning of the polite words of the negro. Left thus alone, his two hired assassins having fled, Don Fernando gave himself up to the lust of revenge, and swore to himself that he would slay this slave that had dared to cross his path. This, it seems, he did not find easy to do, and after several fruitless attempts, Don Fernando came to the conclusion that all the grapes in Doña Ana's vineyard were as sour as Tarragona vinegar, and that she must be a woman of low tastes and a vulgar mind, ill suited to be the wife of a Spanish noble, or she would not condescend to receive the attentions of a negro slave, even though he were as learned as Livy and poetical as Ovid, for he knew well enough that Ovid was the favourite author of Latin John.

This happened to be the time when the Alpujarras rose in rebellion against Philip II. and the Moriscos of Granada sought to place on the Spanish throne a descendant of the last Moorish King. It is one of the bloodiest pages, not in Spanish, but in all history, into which it would not become us to enter here; suffice it to say that Doña Ana's father was placed in command of the royal troops—that Don Fernando Alabez de Valor was greatly compromised in the Moorish rising—and he fled from Granada, became famous in the butcheries which the Moriscos committed on the Spaniards, notably at Guécija, Jubiles, Conadba, Ugijar, and many other villages in the fastnesses of the Alpujarra mountains. The Spaniards, especially the Andalusians, were lashed into fury; what began as a small rising developed into a ferocious war, and Don Juan of Austria, one of the friends of Latin John, assumed the command of the royal forces. Nor was it until after some three or four years that the fierce and sanguinary conflicts ceased. Don Fernando died the death of a traitor.

Latin John was now some twenty-eight, and Doña Ana twenty-two years of age. The Latin lessons were continued only at intervals during the trials through which the city of Granada was then passing; it was not a time to make love when the streets were swimming, now with Spanish, now with Moorish blood, and no one knew whose turn it would be next to be the victim of the sword, of fire, or of still worse and more terrible sufferings. But we are told the lovers often met, and the ivory hand of Doña Ana was often found in the carbon hand of Latin John; nor is it likely that the common danger which all ran did not help to endure all the more the lovers to each other.

Neither tradition nor history has given us details of this unique marriage except in general and satisfactory terms. The subject is full of interest; all the more that at least a century before the marriage of Juan Latino with Doña Ana negroes had been brought to Spain and sold as slaves, and that thirty years later Isabella granted a decree for conveying negroes who had been born in Spain as slaves to work in the silver mines of Peru. There have been in old time, but especially in later times, many learned negroes, many able soldiers who were negroes, not a few gifted in music, but none of these, like Latin John, were brought from their native land; they were all born in Europe or America. The following is the notice of Latin John given by Don Nicholas Antonio in his *Bibliotheca Hispana*, vol. i. p. 716, ed. 1783:—

JOANNES, cognomento inter nos LATINUS, patria et parentibus Æthiops, educatione Hispanus, jure sibi inter scriptores nostros locum vindicat. Quippe ex Æthiopia usque infans advectus in servitute Gonsali Cordubensis, Suesse ducis, enutritus, pariterque fuit cum domino in grammaticis atque aliis liberalibus disciplinis excultus. Que quidem illius animum, quantumvis servi corporis, veluti restituerunt suis natalibus, rarumque Æthiopia e cathedra Latine atque eleganter dicentis exemplum posteris reliquerunt. Ab hero etenim liber esse jussus, grammaticæ artis scholam in Granatensi ecclesia, dum rerum ibi sacrarum D. Petrus Guerrero, vir clarissimus Joannis verus Mæcenæ, potiretur, moderandam suscepit. Hoc totis viginti annis munere functus est, carus omnibus propter ingenii ac morum dotes; matrimonio insuper honesta nec ignobilis famina supra conditionem ornatus. Poesim coluit maxime, quedamque hujus artis manare ad posterum fecit, nempe:—

Austriados, libris duos: sive de Victoria navali Joannis Austriaci ad Echinadas Insulas. Necnon De obitu Pii V. ejusque in Philippum Regem studio: heroico carmine ad Petrum Dezan, Granatensem curiæ præsidem.

De Augusta regulinarum corporum ex variis tunulis in unum regule templum Escorialis translatione, atque illuc in Granatensem Regium Joannem Epigrammatum sive Epitaphiorum libros duos. Granatæ apud Hugonem de Mens, anno 1576.

THE VANISHED LADY.

IN that most delightful of autobiographies, the *Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur*, the late Robert-Houdin described the circumstances under which he turned conjurer and, without unduly boasting, he said enough about his predecessors to allow his readers to understand how complete a change he had wrought in his art. Modern magic dates from Robert-Houdin; there were magicians before him; but neither before nor since have there been any magicians equal to him in the chief qualifications for the art. Robert-Houdin derived precious suggestions from Torrini, who, although one of the old school, seems to have had more than an intimation of the needed reform. Robert-Houdin might have called himself the pupil of Torrini, but he soon surpassed his master, and he began and completed the renaissance of the art of white magic. When we compare what had been accomplished by Robert-Houdin's predecessors with what he accomplished himself, we see how great was the advance he made; and the value of his personal contribution to the progress of conjuring is even more apparent when we compare his work with the comparatively slight improvement which has been made since he retired. He transformed the art of conjuring by inventing wholly new methods, and later performers have done little more than work on the lines laid down by him. Since his retirement the two conjurers who have shown the most independence and originality are Wiljalba Frikel (the great original of this name and not the feeble and vulgar imitator who assumed it) and Buatier de Kolta. Robert-Houdin discarded the heavily-draped tables, beneath which it was easy to conceal an assistant, and he introduced instead light and airy centre-tables and *guéridons*, like those to be found in any French drawing-room. Wiljalba Frikel went a step further, and did without any tables at all; when he performed, the stage was almost unpleasantly bare, as it was furnished with only one or two ordinary chairs. Adepts in the art will readily understand how great must be the skill which could dispense with the invaluable assistance of the *servante*. While Wiljalba Frikel was carrying forward the suggestions of Robert-Houdin in one direction, Buatier de Kolta was pushing them forward in another. He elaborated and improved a device, of which Robert-Houdin had made but little use, until by its means he was able to make over anew many effects which had been worn out by hard usage. It was with a programme of almost entirely new tricks that Buatier de Kolta appeared before the British public, and one does not need to be an expert to know how very rare a really new trick is. Chief among these new tricks was the admirable and extraordinary illusion of the Flying Bird-cage. We have been told that, at the first performance Buatier de Kolta gave at the Egyptian Hall, there were five professional magicians and distinguished amateurs sitting together in a row, and, as new trick followed new trick, the principle of which wholly evaded them, with admiration in their eyes they stared at each other with a glad surprise. Buatier de Kolta was handicapped in England by his ignorance of the English language. It is to be remarked also that he has carried to an extreme that quietness of manner which Robert-Houdin practised and recommended, and perhaps his unemotional calmness is excessive. After all, the conjurer is a comedian playing a piece in one act with only one part; and, like all actors, he must conform to the perspective of *l'optique du théâtre*. But extreme simplicity of manner is a fault on the right side, and it is a very little fault at worst.

Perhaps the best merit of a conjurer is the ability to devise new illusions; and this merit Buatier de Kolta possesses in a high degree. His latest trick is the vanishing of a lady. It is the most startling and effective illusion which has been brought out since the Sphinx originally astonished and delighted the world a score of years ago or more. Buatier de Kolta is now performing the feat nightly at the Eden Theatre in Paris with so great success that he has been compelled to postpone his promised visit to London, where he had intended appearing at the Egyptian Hall during the autumn tour of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. But, unfortunately, there is no copyright in the illusions of a conjurer, and unscrupulous imitators are already reproducing the semblance of his trick in two or three music-halls a night. Therefore Buatier de Kolta, finding he was about to be forestalled, has deputed Mr. Charles Bertram to present the trick in London exactly as it is done in Paris by the inventor; and for the past week Mr. Bertram, at the Egyptian Hall, has been "vanishing a lady" twice daily. Buatier de Kolta's illusion is made the culminating point of the entertainment given by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke. The performance begins with the exhibition of the sketching automaton Zoe, which Mr. Maskelyne utilizes to record the results of the feat of "mental telegraphy," in the exercise of which we remark even more neatness and ingenuity than we had discovered when we first saw it. Then Mr. H. Verne gives a musical and ventriloquial interlude, and Mr. Charles Mellon performs on Mr. Maskelyne's mechanical and automatic orchestra; after which there is acted the spiritualistic sketch entitled "Mrs. Daffodil Downy's Light and Dark Séance," wherein most marvellous manifestations occur in a most marvellous cabinet. Mr. Charles Bertram thereafter does a few feats of magic deftly and effectively. Especially to be commended is his improvement on the trick with the borrowed wedding-ring, which is found inside of three sealed envelopes made from a borrowed programme. This trick was brought to England by M. Verbeck, who did it last year at the Piccadilly Hall; but Mr. Bertram accomplishes it without the aid of an assistant and without leaving the stage.

Then comes the great event of the evening, "*L'escamotage en personne vivante*" (does not this mean "*L'escamotage d'une personne vivante*"? Conjurer's French is as peculiar as the *anglais de cuisine* whereof we read in Parisian novels). Mr. Bertram takes a large newspaper, which he unfolds in the centre of the stage to cut off communication with any possible trap-door. On this newspaper he places a chair. In the chair he places a young lady, who crosses her hands in her lap over her lace handkerchief. After she has apparently been rendered insensible by inhalations, Mr. Bertram produces an enormous black silk handkerchief, about five feet wide by seven feet long. This he brings down to the audience to show that it is not in any way prepared, and the spectator can see that the silken stuff is thin enough to be translucent. With this flimsy shawl Mr. Bertram completely covers the young lady, carefully adjusting it to the floor, and as carefully tying it behind her head. When all has been done regularly and in order, and there is only to be seen the figure of the young lady as she sits in the chair enshrouded in the black veil, Mr. Bertram suddenly snatches away the silken shawl, which disappears from his hands at once. The young lady has vanished; the chair stands there empty, save that there remains on the seat the lace handkerchief she had held in her fingers; it has fallen from the touch of a vanished hand. Amid the applause which this strange disappearance calls forth Mr. Bertram steps to the door at the side of the stage, and leads on again the young lady who *vient de disparaître*.

It is announced that the illusion is performed by Mr. Bertram in London precisely as it is performed by the inventor in Paris; but this is not absolutely exact, as there are two or three modifications in the trick as shown at Egyptian Hall which are obvious improvements. The administration of a strange elixir to the young lady about to vanish does not take place in Paris. And in Paris when the young lady vanishes she does not leave her lace handkerchief on the chair from which she has disappeared. These are both excellent touches of art, admirably adapted to heighten the final effect. The illusion, startling as it is, is even now a little bare; it needs further adornment along the lines here suggested; we believe that its effective force can be doubled by taking thought. The device itself, the trick itself, is in every way admirable. It is the setting only, the stage-management, the *mise-en-scène* (in the exact sense of that much misused word) which is susceptible of improvement. A fine illusion is in reality a play, a drama in one act, having a beginning, a middle, and an end—an exposition, a knot, a climax, and a *dénouement*. The dramatic invention which gives relief and variety to a mechanical device is far more important than the device itself. If a magician can think out a novel and startling effect, he is rarely at a loss for the means whereby to accomplish his wonder. "What to do" is the difficult thing to discover; "How to do it" is a far easier problem. No modern magician has ever equalled Robert-Houdin in the double task of discovering new devices and of inventing appropriate dramas for their proper display. The extraordinary trick called Second Sight, one of the most ingenious in its methods ever put on the stage, owed at least half of its effect to the simple and striking name Robert-Houdin gave it, and to the artistic stage-management with which he presented it to the public. In like manner, Robert-Houdin, after inventing the means of performing the illusion called "Aërial Suspension," showed even greater ingenuity in inventing the dramatic action, the pretended etherization of the subject, which gave it not only greatly increased effect, but also timeliness—perhaps the most precious advantage a showman can have. It is this histrionic side of the conjurer's art which is often misunderstood by the public and neglected by the performer. A good magician must be a consummate comedian. He must have the ease and the grace and the skill of the accomplished actor. He must play his part—a part far more carefully prepared and studied than the spectator imagines. Robert-Houdin, who became in time one of the very best of performers, describes the care he gave to the writing of his *boniments*, of the *patter*, which was to accompany and explain his feats. He describes also the blind fear which seized him when he first opened his little theatre, and the dull rapidity with which he rushed through his monologues. Constant effort enabled him to restrain himself, and to talk slowly and easily and with the appearance of spontaneity. Both Mr. Maskelyne and Mr. Bertram—but especially Mr. Maskelyne—are open to this criticism; they speak too rapidly and with too much effort; the art which conceals art has not yet been wholly mastered. The appearance of haste in the performance of a trick is often fatal to its effect. "A prestidigitator," Robert-Houdin declared, "is not a juggler, he is an actor playing the part of a magician," and all actors know that any evident hurry in the delivery of a long speech is certain to make the speech seem even longer than it is. The actor playing the part of a magician is like the performer in the *Commedia dell'arte* in that he is not only allowed but expected to modify his dialogue—in this case his monologue—to suit the circumstances of the hour. He must stand ready at all times to take advantage of every opportunity, and to avail himself of every hint. A story is told of a certain magician now performing at a theatre in the outskirts of London. When he first sought an engagement in London, he made an appointment to call at a fixed hour on the managers of a certain place of amusement. At the appointed minute he came, and he was shown into their office, but they had not been as punctual as he, and he had to wait for them. He saw his advantage, and taking out a penny

he wrapped it in a bit of paper, and hid it behind the looking-glass. Then he left the office, saying he would return in a quarter of an hour. When he did return the managers were waiting for him, with the request that he would prove his quality by showing what he could do then and there; and in the course of the few tricks he performed offhand he made much capital by passing a borrowed penny behind the looking-glass before which both of the managers were standing. And, as the magician must be ready to take advantage of every chance that offers, so must he be guarded against all possible misadventure or failure. He must rely on himself as much as possible, and as little as possible on his apparatus and his assistant. As for confederates, we trust they are now no longer employed by any one; they were beginning to fall into disrepute in the days of Pinetti and Torrini; and Robert-Houdin discarded them absolutely. The last instance we heard of their use was by a wandering magician who was performing in the smaller towns of Texas, and who was very properly punished for his lack of art. In the course of his entertainment he made a marked dollar disappear from a handkerchief held by a lady. Coming down into the audience he picked out a negro, and said, "The dollar will be found in the pocket of this coloured gentleman." All eyes were turned towards the coloured gentleman, who rose and extended his broad brown hand, on which were half-a-dozen small coins. When the magician came close to him, the negro said, "Boss, heah is your change. I has had two beers and a cigh outen dat dollar you tole me to keep in my pocket tell you called foah it!"

EULOGIES.

THERE is scarcely an obsolete custom of any antiquity without its interest for archeologists, so a very ancient religious observance, ranking as a sacramental, though not a sacrament, and once very popular but long fallen into disuse in this country, may be worthy of a short notice.

Few things more attract the attention of an Englishman when he attends a high mass at a French church for the first time than the appearance of an official, generally dressed in black breeches and with a chain of office round his neck, who hands among the congregation a basket covered with a white cloth, on which are piled little lumps of bread or cake. Of course most people know that this is the *pain béni*, but some do not, and curious mistakes have been the consequence. For instance, excellent Anglicans have lamented "the irreverent manner in which Holy Communion is handed about in French churches," and we have known members of the Church of England, both lay and clerical, who have taken pieces of the *pain béni*, under the impression that they were communicating, thus committing a blunder while endeavouring to commit a schism. We have even met with an English Roman Catholic who "did not know what it was" when it was handed to her. The *pain béni*, or "eulogy," as it was called here, has an interest to the English antiquary, because its use continued in this country from early times until the Reformation. Messrs. Addis and Arnold think that "the custom can scarcely have arisen before the third century." In the fourth it was well known throughout the East. We find it mentioned by Gregory of Tours in the sixth century, and by the Council of Nantes in the seventh. It was in general use in the Anglo-Saxon churches, where it went by the name of the "gehalgodne hlaf." "To hlafne cume ne to husle" was a legal term in Saxon law, which meant that a person was forbidden to receive either the blessed bread or the consecrated host. English historians have very often confused the eulogy with the eucharist. The eulogies were generally blessed after the offertory and distributed during mass, but sometimes they were both blessed and distributed after mass, and in certain monasteries they were given to the monks in the refectory immediately before dinner. The eulogy might also be carried home to those who could not come to church.

Robert de Brunne, after urging everybody to go to mass on Sunday, advises those who may be unavoidably prevented from so doing at least to receive the eulogy at home before they taste other food. The English rule of the Brigittine nuns forbade them to eat anything until they had "taken holy water and holy bread," "outtake (except) comenyng days." The householders used to take it in turns to supply the bread for the eulogies, and a special prayer was said for them. Part of the old York Bidding Prayer runs "We shall pray specially for theym that this day gaue brede to this chyrche, for to be made holy brede of. For them that it began and lengest upholds." The bread for the eulogy was generally leavened when used in parish churches; but it seems that in the Benedictine monasteries it was unleavened. In modern times the *pain béni* is handed about to the congregation in baskets; but Dr. Rock, in his *Church of Our Fathers*, states that, according to the old English use, the people "went up to receive it from the priest, whose hand they kissed."

It was not only in the form of eulogies that unconsecrated food was distributed in churches, and the antiquary has to be as careful not to confuse the eulogy with bread that was not blessed as with bread that was consecrated. For a long period there was a custom—attributed by John Beletus, a writer of the twelfth century, to St. Benedict—of giving unconsecrated bread and wine to those who had received holy communion before they left the church on Easter Sunday; but this custom appears to have led to some unseemly abuses, and it was forbidden by the Archbishop of

Canterbury in the fourteenth century. According to the Synodal Decrees of Lambeth, unconsecrated wine was usually given in a chalice to communicants after receiving the Host, for some time after communion had ceased to be given in both kinds. But, for a considerable period, wine was administered in a much more solemn manner. This wine was not blessed, like the bread in the eulogy, but "sanctified" by admixture with a very small quantity of consecrated wine—"vinum etiam non consecratum, sed sanguine Domini commixtum, sanctificatur per omnem modum" (*Ordo Romanus*). Only one chalice was used at the consecration, as at present in the Mass; but, after the priest had communicated, what remained was poured into a large chalice, which generally had two handles, and this was slowly filled up with unconsecrated wine. Another authority, however, maintains that the consecrated wine was poured into a chalice already nearly filled with unconsecrated wine. The wine was not drunk from the rim of the cup, but sucked through a tube made of gold, silver, ivory, or glass. At one time priests, when celebrating Mass, used to drink the contents of the chalice through a tube of this description; and one solitary instance still remains of the observance of this custom in the case of the Pope's solemn Mass, when he takes the consecrated wine through a tube known as "the golden reed."

The most ancient instance recorded of eating unconsecrated bread in Christian churches is, of course, the Agape; but the Agape and the eulogy were distinct from each other, and, although it might be rash to assume that the latter did not take its origin to some extent from the former, it is probable that they co-existed as separate rites for upwards of a century. Abuses had brought the Agape into disrepute in the third century, when it was condemned by the Councils of both Laodicea and Carthage; but it appears to have lingered in some places, as "eating in the house of God" was forbidden long afterwards by the Synod of Trullo. It is at most exceedingly doubtful whether the Agape and the eulogy ever had anything whatever to do with each other.

The eulogy has almost fallen into disuse in the Roman Catholic Church, except among the French; but it still exists in the Greek Church. For many centuries it was a prominent ceremonial in English churches, and it must have been a striking scene when every person in a crowded cathedral went up in turn to the altar rails to kiss the priest's hand and receive the eulogy.

MODERN CAMEO-CUTTING.

THE sale of modern cameos is one of the few Italian industries chiefly dependent on foreign visitors which are still in a flourishing condition. These ornaments are made in several parts of the country, but the cameos cut in Naples perhaps enjoy the highest reputation. Their superiority is not owing to any technical secret, nor even to a greater manual skill—as far as it exists it is due to the higher artistic training of the workmen. The cameos which are most in demand are copies from the pictures of Pompeii; so from his earliest apprenticeship the cutter is brought into a direct connexion with classical art, and while he remains in the business he can never escape from its influence for any great length of time. This has its effect on his more original work, even his portraits. The copies themselves are occasionally marvels of skill and minute detail; but ancient grace is apt to become mere elegance in modern hands, and for this reason they are rarely entirely satisfactory. A something has been omitted from the original design, or something added to it—it is difficult to say which—that "takes from the height of the achievement," and suggests unpleasant memories of the Keepsakes of the earlier part of the century. Still, when all deductions are made, the workmanship is of a very high order, and the taste is purer and more chaste than that displayed in any other branch of Italian art industry.

The substance of which a modern cameo is made is a piece of sea-shell. Every one must have noticed that while the outside of many shells is rough and unseemly, the interior is perfectly polished, and often of a brilliant colour. If the shell be broken, the way in which the two layers lie upon and pass into each other may be clearly seen. The species used by the trade will be described further on, but we may here premise that they are chosen on account of the thickness and hardness of the layers, of the contrast of colour between them, and the presence of knobs on the exterior surface which render it possible to work in relief.

When a cameo is begun, a piece of the shell, rather larger than the ornament is intended to be, is cut out and affixed to a wooden holder by means of a substance which looks like a coarse kind of sealing-wax, and seems to the touch as firm as stone, but at once yields to any high degree of heat. The inner surface of the shell is of course the lowest, and on the grey outside the master draws a rough outline of the design, and places the work in the hands of an apprentice, who reduces the knob by means of a file to the requisite height, and with the same instrument removes all the grey matter that lies outside the boundary lines, and dresses the whole of the irregular surface. In this condition a cameo looks like an irregular piece of chalk rising out of a small plate of coloured glass. It is now returned to the master, who again draws the design in pencil upon it, but more carefully this time, as the places in which the dark background has to be seen through the white mass must be indicated; and from him it passes to another apprentice or work-

man who has already learned the use of the *bulino* or burin. This is an instrument which is present in at least twenty forms in every workshop of importance. The coarser almost resemble a stone-cutter's tool, the finer are nearly as delicate as those used by an engraver. Thus, from the beginning to the end, the work is always submitted to the master's eye, and always passes into more skilful hands, until he himself adds the finishing touches.

It has of late years become the fashion to have cameo portraits taken. This form of art is chiefly patronized by the Americans. When such a portrait is made, the whole work, except the mere filing down, is usually done by the master's own hand. The likeness may be taken from a photograph, but the cameo-cutter greatly prefers a study from life. As a rule, he demands three sittings, of about a quarter of an hour each. In the first he makes a general outline of the face; in the second he adds dignity, loveliness, and expression; in the third he adds or corrects details. It must be confessed that these likenesses are often striking, always clever, and generally abominable. All the resources of the master's art somehow fail to make Brother Jonathan look like a Greek hero, and, as the cutter has some classical hero always in his mind, his work is apt to become an unconscious satire. We speak of Brother Jonathan, but must confess that John Bull and his wife are not free from the same vanity. The British matron considers such portraits exquisite; they are for her the criterion of all art, the *no plus ultra* of truth and beauty, the touchstone by which to test good taste; but we cannot defer to her opinion.

The great fault of most modern cameos is an excessive fondness for detail. The more labour that is spent upon a piece, the more valuable it becomes. Besides this, the master takes a pleasure in the exercise of his skill; he is proud of showing his work through a lens and pointing out the fineness of the single lines and the perfection of the whole execution. This exactly suits the taste of many of his best customers, and so the general purpose of a design is often hidden under a crowd of minute felicities. It is because the Neapolitan workmen are comparatively free from this fault that their work ranks so highly as it does; but even they fall into it at times, especially in their portraits, the cheapest of which are usually also the best.

The shells used by the cameo-cutter are of three kinds. The most valuable, *Cassia tuberosa*, is known in the trade as *Conchiglia serpentina*. When the shell is perfect, the external layer is of a spotless white, while the lower one seems at the first glance to be black; it is in fact of a dark grey tint, something like unpolished steel, with brown reflections. But such specimens are exceedingly rare, as much as twenty-five francs being sometimes paid for a single one. In imperfect examples, the white layer is either too thin or it is spoiled by yellowish spots, while the black one is wanting in thickness and hardness. These shells are bought by the hundred at the price of from six to eight hundred francs. About a third of the number are worthless, while only single parts of many of the rest can be used, and then only for inferior articles.

The *Conchiglia carniola* (*Cassia cornuta*) ranks next. It takes its Italian name from the cornelian, which the lower layer resembles in colour. It is subject to the same faults as the serpentina, but perfect specimens are more frequent, and it is somewhat cheaper. The internal layer of the *Conchiglia rosa* (*Strombus gigas*) is rose-coloured, and, as this does not afford a sufficient contrast to the white, it is rarely used for true cameos. On the other hand, it is in request for ornamental work, such as angel heads, cupids, leaves, fruit, &c. Handles for paper-knives are made of it, and earrings which charm the eyes of sentimental servant-girls by their tender hue. It is also sometimes cut into beads and palmed off on a confiding public as rose-coloured coral. Of the species used by the trade, this is the commonest and cheapest.

All these shells are imported, chiefly from the Antilles, and they are ordered directly by cutters who take care to keep a good stock, as they improve with age. When taken in hand too soon the part that should be white is grey, and both the layers are too soft to be properly treated. It is also thought by some that the yellow spots pale and even vanish in the course of time, but this is doubted by others, who believe that when a shell is once thoroughly dry no further change takes place in its colour.

RECENT EGYPTIAN RESEARCH.

THE links which have been added to the lower end of the long chain of Egyptian chronology by Mr. Petrie and Mr. Gardner, with the help of the Egypt Exploration Fund, have been supplemented by very few discoveries of importance in the history of the earlier ages. At the same time the French school of Egyptology, as represented at Boolak, has not been idle; and, though some English officers at Assouan appear to have found the most ancient tombs, M. Maspero and his French pupil and successor at the Museum have been exceedingly active in unrolling royal mummies, and prying further into the ancient family secrets which the Pharaoh Pe-Nezem thought he had hidden till Doomsday in the caverns of the Theban mountains.

The unrolling and identification of the old kings are reported in official papers prepared by M. Maspero before he left Cairo and his post at the Boolak Museum. We notice a serious omission. Given the identical and thoroughly authentic body of a king like Sekenen-Ra Taa, or Taaken, as his name is often given, who died for his country at a period which cannot have been much later

than that of Joseph—a king who for thousands upon thousands of years literally was venerated in Egypt, and whose mummy, which was ancient in the time of Alexander the Great, has been preserved to the present day, when even the destruction of Alexander's tomb is a very old story—given all this glamour of antiquity and of everything that impresses the mind in historical association, romantic succession, and patriotic self-sacrifice, yet we have not a word in the Report, either as regards this royal corpse, or that of Seti I. or Rameses II., or the body of Thothmes III., withdrawn from the Museum soon after the great discovery at Dayr el Bahari, to assure us that the remains will be carefully preserved and treated with as much respect as possible. Frenchmen are not to be depended on in matters of this kind, as St. Denis can tell. It is, in fact, somewhat sad to think that the two modern nations who have wrought between them the greatest destructions of old monuments should have been the two chiefly represented at the finding of these coffins; that Frenchmen and Turks should be the trustees of all the ages which have elapsed since the patriarch of the Egyptian Empire perished in driving out the Hyksos. It is hardly to be expected that they should do for the Theban mausoleum what they did not do for the tombs of the Constantines and the Khaleefs, or the vaults of St. Denis. The evidence that Sekenen-Ra had sunk in battle under repeated wounds is dearly bought if his body is to be thrown aside as no longer worth preserving. It is, no doubt, very interesting to know that Ma-men-Ra, or Seti I., resembled in face his son Rameses II., and that though he suffered from rheumatic gout, he lived to a good old age. Even these biographical particulars do not quite reconcile us to the desecration of the corpses at the hands of the Boolak Director. One passage of the published accounts is particularly shocking from this point of view. The mummy of Queen Nefertari "decayed and gave out so foul an odour that it became necessary to get rid of it." To get rid of it! We do not read that it was buried and a monument placed to mark the spot. We are not told that it was burnt, and the ashes reverently gathered up and placed in an urn in the Museum. It was simply got rid of, lest it should get between the wind and the delicate noses of some modern French Republicans or some Turkish Pashas. Yet Nefertari was the ancestress of all the mighty Pharaohs of the Eighteenth Dynasty, the greatest race of kings of one family which probably ever reigned on the earth—a race which produced the three Amenhataps, and the three Thothmes, as well as Queen Hatsosoo, and that extraordinary genius, Khoo-en-Aten. The unrolling of all these mummies, though it destroys the curious wrappings, and, apparently, in most cases the enclosed body also, adds but little to our historical knowledge, seeing that they had all been stripped and wrapped in the reign of Pe-Nezem, as that Pharaoh has been careful to explain in a grandiloquent inscription on each, from which we have only learned that a thousand years before our era began, as well as nineteen hundred after it, the phrase "to restore" was made to cover the complete destruction of works of ancient art.

The number of mummies thus ill treated is so large, and the result, except to mere curiosity, so small, that we may well hope the rest will be spared. M. Maspero's first "find" was that of the mummy of one of the kings named Pepi, kings of a period almost as remote from that of Rameses as Rameses is from that of Tewfik Pasha. The mummy, the oldest corpse save one then in existence, so far as we can judge by dates, was stripped, the head broken off—all, of course, in the interests of science—and the wrappings which did not fall into dust preserved as mementoes by those who could obtain a fragment. Where is the body now? Probably they had to "get rid of it." As to Rameses II., the Louis Quatorze of ancient Egypt, he stands beside his father in the Boolak Museum for a show, and when he decays, as he will no doubt, the authorities will "get rid of him." Here is a description of his present appearance:—"The forehead is low and narrow, the brow-ridge prominent, the eyebrows are thick and white, the eyes are small and close together, and the nose is long, thin, hooked like the noses of the Bourbons"—that is, to judge by most Bourbon portraits, old and new, not hooked at all. But the description continues:—"The temples are sunken, the cheek-bones very prominent," decidedly what we know as a typically Semitic face, not Egyptian at all, but almost Jewish. The jaw, we read further, is massive, the chin prominent, the mouth small, but thick-lipped. No one who has visited Abou Simbel can forget that this is the same, except for the rich ruddy colour, as the picture painted on the wall of a little shrine discovered and described by Miss Edwards and her companions on a memorable voyage. The description of Seti, or more properly Sethy, the father of Rameses, answers similarly to a beautiful sculptured profile at the Temple of Abydos. The art of the Eighteenth Dynasty was not yet quite dead under the nineteenth, and preserved a memory of the great days of old before the "Egyptian canon" was fixed and portraiture lost in dull uniformity. It is almost, if not quite, impossible to realize the remote antiquity of these remains. Sekenen-Ra, who is the same king to whom the French at first, in a very characteristic spirit of pedantry, gave the impossible name of Soknourri, raised the standard of the old kings against the Semitic conquerors, "Hyksos," or "lords of sheep," Bedouin chiefs, who held Egypt by the throat as it were for centuries, till the luxuries and the flesh-pots overcame them, and left them a prey to the oppressed remnants of the original race. The history of the rebellion is as clear and unquestionable as if we could read it in last year's annual summary. Yet the

kings whom Sakenen-Ra fought against, and whom his descendants overcame, were the kings under whom Joseph and Jacob came into the land of Goshen. So, too, there can be as little doubt as about anything which happened more than a century ago that this very Sethy was the grandfather, this very Rameses the father, of "the Pharaoh of the Exodus," Mer-en-Ptah; and, if so, that the firstborn of Pharaoh who died in the tenth plague was the grandson of Rameses and the great-grandson of Sethy. We think of Charlemagne as of a remote monarch of whom many legends are told. He died soon after the beginning of the ninth century, and shortly after the accession of Egbert, King of Wessex. That is to say, Charles, the son of Pepin, lived and reigned eight centuries after the commencement of the Christian era; and Aahmes, the husband of Queen Nefertari, and the son-in-law of Sakenen-Ra, ascended the throne of Egypt and succeeded to the task of driving out the Shepherds sixteen centuries before the same era. Yet, on the whole, it may safely be said that our knowledge of the Eighteenth Dynasty in Egypt is not less accurate than our knowledge of the time of Charles the Great, and not so much overlaid with fable and falsehood.

Of the discoveries at Assouan very little has transpired. Yet when we consider the great distance of the ancient Syene from the mouth of the Nile, and remember that the oldest inscriptions yet found on the granite rocks of the First Cataract only date from the comparatively recent period of the Twelfth Dynasty, perhaps 2000 B.C., the discovery of a tomb of the time of the Sixth Dynasty, which reigned perhaps only a few hundred years after the building of the Great Pyramid, is remarkable and important. It goes, of course, to confirm the Manethonian lists, in which the founder of the family is derived from this very spot, or rather from the island of Elephantine, in the Nile, opposite Assouan, and immediately below the high sandy hill in which this ancient cemetery has been uncovered. One tomb commemorates an official—represented on the wall as a lame man leaning on a crutch—who flourished under Neferka-Ra, who may have been the fifth king of the dynasty. It should, however, be remembered that Neferka-Ra was the name, or title, of many Pharaohs at different periods, and, until we have further particulars as to the style of the sculptures and the dialect of the writing, it will be well not to feel too sure as to the age of this, in any case, very important discovery.

So far the English occupation has not produced much in the way of additional knowledge of Egyptian antiquities; yet, apart altogether from military evolutions, the English have done much for Egyptian history, as we pointed out last week; while M. Maspero has also been busy on work which, if it jars somewhat on historical nerves, is yet no doubt useful, though destructive. We know now that the royal mummies secreted by Pe-Nezem are not stuffed with sawdust; and also that no very magnificent ornaments or very interesting inscriptions are to be found by breaking up the coffins and cutting open the wrappings. The chief result is encouraging. There can be no doubt of the substantial truth of Dr. Brugsch's views on Egyptian history, and there is less doubt than ever as to the accuracy of the knowledge of modern paleographers of the Egyptian methods of writing.

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES' ACCOUNTS.

THE delay in issuing the annual Blue-Book on Life Insurance Companies deprives that document of most of its interest. In former years the book appeared in the month of May, and we are unable to guess why it should now be delayed until the beginning of August. Surely there cannot be greater labour in tabulating the figures now than there was then. We would suggest, also, that a little more pressure be applied to the Companies to induce them to send in their accounts promptly. The accounts of some of the Companies dealt with in this volume, for example, are for 1884. It is clear that the condition of the Companies may have altered so much in the interval as to render the accounts of little practical value. But though we would strongly urge improvement in this respect, there can be no doubt that the volume itself is valuable from certain points of view. It deals with the accounts of 104 Companies, whose aggregate paid-up capital amounts to 11½ millions, and whose liability on account of life policies and annuities granted exceeds 143 millions. In the case of a properly-managed Insurance Company, the paid-up capital is little more than a guarantee inspiring confidence in insurers. The premium ought to cover the cost of management, to supply the means of accumulating a fund sufficient to pay the policy, and, after all, leave a profit. If we could assume, then, that all the Companies are well managed—a very bold assumption, indeed, in the face of the revelations coming out in the proceedings regarding the Briton Medical and General Life Association—we should conclude that the paid-up capital is amply sufficient. The Companies have accumulated from the premiums received in past years assets which, with the capital, amount nominally to 159½ millions. Assuming that the investments are all good, it appears that, were the whole of the Companies wound up to-morrow, the liabilities could be discharged in full, and 16½ millions would remain for distribution amongst the proprietors. But when we look at the list of investments some doubt is suggested as to their perfect goodness. For example, of the 159½ millions invested, over 75 millions, or nearly one-half, consist of mortgages, while 10½ millions consist of land and house property. Over

8½ millions, or more than half the whole investments, then, consist either of mortgages or of land and house property. Now, bearing in mind the great depreciation of both landed and house property during the past few years, it is probable that the full amount would not be realized were realization immediately necessary. Of course it is to be borne in mind that the Companies do not lend up to the full value of the properties mortgaged. Well-managed Companies doubtless require such a margin that, even allowing for the fall in landed property, the amounts lent could still be realized. And, as it is not necessary to realize much at any one time, the difficulty of selling land at present would not be seriously felt. Still, the fact is not to be overlooked that more than half the investments of our Insurance Companies are in landed and house property. The investments yield an annual income of over 6 millions, while the premiums exceed 15½ millions, and last year 636,000*l.* was received from sales of annuities. Altogether, the income of the 104 Companies last year slightly exceeded 22½ millions. Out of this there was a charge of as much as 1½ million for cost of management, and 1,450,000*l.* for commissions. This latter sum is entirely excessive. In the case of new Companies which have not built up a business, and which require to make themselves known, it is doubtless necessary to pay commissions, and in some instances even considerable commissions may be justifiable. But it is obviously improper to pay nearly as much in commissions in one year as all the other items of administration cost. As we proceed to point out, however, a large number of the Companies are quite beyond reproach in the matter of commissions; but a large minority err so gravely as to bring up the total within one year to very nearly a million and a half.

For several years the *Statist* has published annually tables showing the proportion borne by the cost of management to premium income; and we observe that year by year the proportion tends to rise, which certainly is not a satisfactory sign. As pointed out above, the premium income is the fund which provides the means of defraying the cost of management and of paying the policy when it falls due, and it ought in addition to leave a profit to the Company. The larger, then, the costs of management are, the smaller is the sum available for accumulating a fund to pay the policy. In judging of the soundness of a Company, other considerations are, of course, to be taken into account; but this one of the proportion borne by the cost of management to the premium income is a very serious one, and one to which every intending insurer should pay close attention. It appears from the tables published by the *Statist* that in 1878 there were 19 Companies in whose case the cost of management, including therein the charge for commissions, was less than 10 per cent. of the premium income; last year the number had fallen to 12. This is a very serious decrease, and goes to show that the cost of management is steadily rising. In the case of these 12 the average proportion borne by the cost of management to the premium income was 8.2, while in the case of the 19 in 1878 the proportion was only 8. Therefore we see that not only is the number of these inexpensive Companies less than it was eight years ago, but also that the proportion has slightly risen. Among these 12 are, of course, not only the best managed in the kingdom, but also the oldest and those of the highest repute. They are practically so well established that they have not to look for customers themselves, intending insurers going voluntarily to them. It would be hardly fair, then, to say that the ordinary offices could manage their business at a less proportion than 10 per cent. of the premium income; but in the class immediately below these there were in 1878 45 Companies whose cost of management was under 15 per cent. of the premium income, and even last year there were still 39. Here, again, as in the other case, we observe a tendency to an increase in the cost of management. But yet, adding the 12 spoken of above, there are 51 Companies who manage their business, including therein commissions granted, for less than 15 per cent. of the premium income. Very nearly half the Companies, then, manage their business for less than 15 per cent. of the premium income, and we may reasonably conclude that this is the proportion which the cost of management ought not to exceed in a well-managed and old-established office. Of course in the case of a newly-established Company the proportion must be higher. Its business not being large, the premium income will be small, while the ordinary expenses have to be defrayed, and the commissions will probably be heavier than usual. The proportion of cost of management to premium income will necessarily, therefore, be high. But, except in newly-established offices, a high proportion of cost of management to premium income is proof that the insurer receives for his money less value than he has a right to demand. Of the 104 Companies, there were 7 in 1878 with the cost of management between 15 and 20 per cent. of the premium income; last year there were 18. It will be seen that several of the Companies which eight years ago were in the two higher lists have now fallen to the third rank; but, on the other hand, while the proportion borne by the cost of management to premium income averaged for the 7 Companies 16.4 per cent. in 1878, the average of the 18 Companies last year was 15½ per cent. Lastly, there were in 1878 35 Companies, the proportion of whose cost of management to premium income exceeded 20 per cent., and last year the number was still 35; the proportion averaged, however, by the 35 had slightly fallen, from 39½ per cent. in 1878 to 37½ per cent. last year. It is quite evident, we think, that the proportion of cost of management is

here excessive. The Companies in many cases are new, and in all they find it difficult to get business. They are compelled, therefore, to grant large commissions to persons soliciting business for them, and thus they overweight the cost of management. It would be better in several of these cases to liquidate at once; while in others it would be highly expedient to amalgamate with other Companies. Two or three Companies amalgamated might make up such a business as would allow of a considerable diminution in the cost of management, and, at any rate, the amalgamation would lessen competition, and therefore lessen the present spur to excessive commissions.

The proportion borne by the cost of management to the premium income is, of course, not decisive of the character of the Company. It is difficult, indeed, to believe that, where the cost of management exceeds 30 per cent., and still more where it exceeds 60 and even 100 per cent., it can be worth the while of any insurer to insure his life; but it does not at all follow that, because the proportion borne by the cost of management to the premium income is small, therefore the Company is perfectly sound. For example, if the table of mortality is a misleading one—that is to say, if the mortality is higher than is assumed by the office—then it is clear that the business in the long run cannot pay. So, again, it is evident that if a Company calculates that it will receive 4½ per cent. upon money invested, and in actual fact receives only 4 per cent., it may keep down the cost of management and yet become irretrievably embarrassed. Lastly, it is evident, that however correct may be the table of mortality, however good the interest received on investments, and however moderate the proportion borne by the cost of management to the premium income, if there is not honesty in the management, shareholders and policy-holders alike must suffer. In the revelations now made respecting the accounts of the Briton Medical and General Life Association, we have an illustration of this. From the report just circulated amongst the policy-holders it appears that a system of fraud has been carried on for the past fourteen years at least; that in some cases entries have been made in the books, stating that money had been invested in stocks, when in fact the money had been altogether abstracted; in other cases, fictitious loans are entered which never had been made; in others, again, loans repaid are not acknowledged in the books, the moneys having been misappropriated, and in still others excessive loans have been granted upon securities either insufficient or absolutely worthless. It would be improper while the case is actually before the Courts to fix the guilt upon any particular party; but it is clear that in this instance, however admirable may have been the system upon which the Association was founded, the dishonesty of the management could not fail to land the Association in bankruptcy. Intending insurers, then, will do well to inquire into the character of the board of directors and the general management of the offices in which they contemplate insuring. They may perhaps not feel themselves very competent to judge of tables of mortality or to calculate rates of interest; but they can always ascertain the characters of those entrusted with the management of the offices; and very little pains besides will enable them to discover whether the proportion borne by the costs of management to the premium income is excessive or not. Where it is excessive, however good the management may be in other respects, it is clear that the insurer is charged an excessive amount for the policy he bargains to receive. And likewise where the directors are not of high character, men who will keep a close watch upon the officers of the Company, the intending insurer will do well to avoid that Company.

THE BLENHEIM SALE.

THE end of the Blenheim Sale presents from a public point of view an unsatisfactory result. The Palace, a monument of a great man and a great family, is stripped of its gems, its books, its china, and its pictures; the accumulations of centuries, as well as the collections of three eminent connoisseurs, have been sold, and, except for what was bought privately, the National Gallery is none the better. We have not been able, in the auction-room, for lack of funds, to acquire anything of importance; the first two pictures—the *Ansdei Raphael* and the great *Van Dyck*—having absorbed or mortgaged the annual grant for a long time to come. We have no intention of grumbling at the price paid for those great works. It was large, but no one denied that it was the fair market value of the pictures. It is otherwise when we reflect that in obtaining what must be termed a necessity, we are prevented from spending anything on chance occasions as they turn up. Very few people can defend the arrangement by which the Gallery is deprived of its income. When a very similar arrangement—and for a very similar sum—was made to enable the Trustees to obtain the *Peel Collection*, it was very soon abrogated as intolerable. The nation is not a private individual. What would be extravagance in the case of a wealthy man with a regular income might be the strictest economy in a great national institution. At the same time, it must be allowed that there were very few artists represented in the Blenheim Collection of which we had not already examples equally good or better. The one prominent exception was furnished in the portrait of Anne of Austria by Rubens. But we have a very pleasing Rubens portrait, the "*Chapeau de Poil*," and there were no transcendent qualities

about the Blenheim picture to justify us in regretting it, especially if, as is currently reported, the reserve price was not reached even at the high figure, 3,885*l.*, at which it was knocked down. The "*Venus and Adonis*" was not wanted at Trafalgar Square. We might, perhaps, have been the better of the "*Roman Daughter*," an unpleasant picture for a private gallery, but in Rubens's greatest manner. But, in truth, many works of all kinds more desirable than these are passed by every year, even when funds are in hand. In the last day's sale of pictures a Carlo Dolci excited much interest. It is the "*Madonna colle Stelle*," well known by the engraving, a very highly finished and beautiful work, but one which appealed too much to the same kind of taste as that which admires Sassoferrato. This also is said to have been bought in, and if so it must have been extravagantly valued, for the bidding reached nearly 7,000*l.* If rumour is to be trusted, the little gallery of copies by Teniers was valued at 20,000*l.*, and fetched 2,031*l.*, and the vendor must have found that the great reputation of the gallery waned as the best pictures were gradually weeded out. It is a question whether a picture which—as part of a great collection—may be priced at so much will be considered nearly as valuable when the rest of the collection is dispersed. From the public point of view, a picture is enhanced by entering the National Gallery, but private buyers are too apt to calculate on a similar increase in value in their own hands. When they come to sell they find, even allowing for the gradual increase in prices of ancient works of art, that the bloom or glamour of a great name is departed. The pictures Mr. Denison bought in the Hamilton Sale did not fetch the same extravagant prices a second time, and both dealers and collectors seem to have laid the fact to heart in time to refrain from bidding very far for the second-class works in the Blenheim Sale. Such a picture as Luca Giordano's "*Death of Seneca*" may have "*stopped a gap*" on the walls of Blenheim, and been among the Rubenses even useful as a contrast, but to hang by itself on the walls of a smaller house it was dear at the 6*l.*, which it brought. The whole collection, including the porcelain, the gems sold some years ago, books and pictures, has brought, without the pictures bought in, a sum of about 300,000*l.* into the hands of the Marlborough trustees, and reckoned at 5 per cent., if it is applied to pay off mortgages, may be worth as much as 15,000*l.* a year to the estate. It is possible that this sum may have been thought too much to pay annually as rent for the collections; but, on the other hand, it was not all loss, as by the lapse of time things became more valuable. Without its pictures Blenheim is excelled in beauty and interest by many other houses. No doubt, the loss may be supplied to some extent in time at no great cost by a steady purchase of modern works to fill the blanks on the walls; but the prestige is gone; the heirlooms are dispersed, and it will not be until another hundred and fifty years have elapsed that association will once more be able to clothe the desecrated walls. The withdrawal for private sale of some of the best pictures did not, of course, influence favourably what remained. If we remember that twenty-five together were supposed to be worth 400,000*l.*, the falling off shows either overvaluation or mismanagement. In any case, it is to be hoped that noblemen with fine galleries may not be encouraged to disperse them by this, the latest and greatest example.

THE LANGUAGE OF MOTION AND GESTURE.

THE belief that the English race suffers from a natural incapacity to amplify or emphasize speech by expressive gesture is exceedingly venerable. This prejudice is based upon a very genuine and national antipathy to effusive display rather than radical incapacity. The Englishman whose conversational powers find demonstrative allies in limbs and features,

As Spaniards talk in dialogues
Of heads and shoulders, nods, and shrugs,

is certainly a rare object, though by no means a phenomenon. The lively movements that vivify the ordinary speech of the foreigner are more frequently the fruits of hereditary instinct than self-conscious aids to expression. With young children the source of mobility is commonly nothing more than deliberate imitation, and even the most reserved and cold Englishman capitulates to this aggressive influence after a long sojourn in foreign parts. Certain gestures have become merely conventional forms of expression. Many of these are the well-recognized stock-in-trade of professors of elocution and deportment; they are faithfully reproduced in the mechanical action of the prima donna, the actor, the concert singer, and the popular reader, who very successfully, for the most part, illustrate the levelling tendencies of the average educationist's teaching. With very rare exceptions, one operatic duet is, in all that relates to movement and gesture, an exact repetition of another. The tenor will apply his hands to his heaving chest in regular alternation, responsive to the similar and more energetic demonstration of the soprano. The action suggests absolutely nothing and expresses nothing; it is confined to a series of muscular movements that facilitate the production of the voice and the play of the lungs. One need not emulate the diligence of Jack of Dover in searching for examples on the stage and platform of impotent or unintelligent gesture. They are only too abundant, and—which is somewhat remarkable—they are invariably attributed to inefficient or faulty training, elocutionists being prominent supporters of this view. How far the influence of ill-directed

or unconscious imitation is responsible for much ineffective art, and to what extent ineradicable defects of nature may render the soundest system of training abortive, are questions that seldom exercise the professional mind.

This truth received curious illustration in a lecture on the "Harmony and Expression of Motion" recently delivered at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Russell, of New York. The lecture was devoted to the exposition of the art principle of the great Delsarte, who acted for many years as a "coach" to many aspiring young persons and some few notable actors, and who claimed to have discovered the fundamental laws and first principles that govern all the arts. Mr. Russell was probably correct in assuming the ignorance of his audience in respect to the life and work of M. Delsarte. This, of course, can prejudice no one who knows how little the world is cognizant of its greatest men. If pretensions go for anything, Delsarte was a very great man. From the moment he was picked up in Paris by a *chiffonnier*, who mistook the small boy for a bundle of rags, to the final elaboration of his great system, his services to art were not less magnificent than varied. He invented a new musical notation, but musicians would have nothing of him. He besieged theatrical managers, and they visited him with ignominy. He was for two years one of the greatest vocalists that have ever charmed human ear, and the world knew him not. He undertook to lecture on art, and, like the Duke and the King in *Hucklebury Finn*, left his audience—three thousand devotees of Delsartism—mourning his absence, magniloquently observing that the whole world awaited him. He was, in fact, a great man, professor of the science of Expression, and doctor of the laws of Universal Harmony. Divested of much that was partly fanciful or eccentric, or wholly cryptic, the lecture of Mr. and Mrs. Russell was not without entertainment. The practical illustrations by the lady of the expressive power of the head, the arm, and the shoulders in motion were often admirably elucidative of her remarks. But this, the more convincing portion of the discourse, dealt with deportment rather than the art of the actor and speaker. The lecture failed altogether to establish the large claims of Delsarte, or to show that he was anything but an empiric. The pretended discovery of a law of universal harmony applicable to the practice of all the arts is as fantastic as faith in the philosopher's stone. Delsarte's artistic creed possessed much in common with that of the naturalist school in painting and fiction. It seems that in the course of his hospital studies he observed that the thumbs of persons who died a violent death were twisted in a peculiar fashion, which, however, he failed to detect in the great battle-pieces of modern French painters. Hence followed a vigorous indictment of modern art, as if it were the function of art to copy, and to copy with the utmost servility. On the same grounds, we must deny the evidence of our senses when studying the horses of the Parthenon, because the sculptors have ignored the scientific facts of instantaneous photography. When Mrs. Russell tells us that expression follows the laws of succession, always beginning at the eye and passing through the shoulders to the fingers, no surprise is felt that the system of Delsarte should accurately tabulate gestures and movements. Thus there are eighty-one expressions of the shoulder, seven hundred and twenty-nine expressions of the eye, and so forth. The advantages this system offers to actors are obvious. It is not wonderful, indeed, that elocutionists deem themselves omnipotent. If there are bad speakers and actors, they have themselves alone to blame, for no one could go wrong under so complete and handy a treatment.

The scheme of Delsarte, like many another philosophic system, ignores alike the sportive tendency in nature and the imperious and self-contained spirit of genius. It loses the individual in the mass. The harmony and expression of dramatic action cannot be taught by any system built up by the patient observation of dry facts, and it is absolutely inaccurate to style the mute and often more expressive portion of an actor's interpretation a "universal language," communicable to all by the gifted elocutionist. The pantomime of gesture employed by distressed tourists or bewildered travellers is the only form of the "universal language" that may be said to exist, and this comes naturally to the children of men and needs no professors of the art. The well-known story that tells how Cooke, the actor, once experimented on an unsuspicious individual by expressing the whole gamut of human emotion, and how his facial skill was misread, demolishes the Delsartian theory. The most that elocutionists can effect is to correct errors and to mitigate defects; they do not possess the secret key to a royal road of ultimate success. They are nothing, or worse than nothing, if they profess to be more than trainers of awkward youth, and only in this limited sense are their efforts likely to prove of educational value. Genius will ever be superior to the theories of the schools. Great orators and actors are not to be bound by the petty dogmas of elocutionary drill; it is their prerogative to laugh at first principles and to defy the Delsartian professor. Tradition, it is true, has exercised considerable influence on the stage, and in all the more prominent Shakspearian parts a certain amount of "business" has become stereotyped; but this is something very far removed from the results that would follow if nature and art succumbed to the reign of law of the illustrious Delsarte.

REVIEWS.

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.*

HERE is a sound and useful piece of work, devoid, as a rule, of rhetoric, and worthy of the notice of scholars as well as of "Students at our Universities and Public Schools, and for such as are preparing for the Indian Civil and other advanced Examinations." Mr. Jevons, having a limited space and an educational purpose, has left many things unsaid that might properly be said in a history of Greek literature. To begin with, he has said nothing about the Greeks, and very little indeed about their language, its developments and its dialects. The Aryan race is not brought in, nor are we offered any suggestions as to the common stock of ideas which the Greeks presumably brought with them out of the general Aryan stock. We are not treated to an exposition of the rise and development of their religion, their mythology, and their institutions. In a history of Greek literature which aspires itself to be literary it would be necessary, we think, to discuss these and many other topics which Mr. Jevons, "driving at practice" and having examiners before his eyes, leaves unconsidered. Nor does he think it needful to try to explore the nature of preHomeric poetry before approaching Homer. In later chapters he has a few words about Linus, Orpheus, and Greek *volkslieder*. But he starts with Homer, and even on Homer what he says is rather historical and scientific than literary. He does not expound the nature of the poet's charm; he does not linger over his masterly delineation of character. If he pays considerable attention to the plots of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, it is rather because these must be examined if the question of unity of authorship is to be debated than for any literary purpose. Mr. Jevons appears to take it for granted that his public does not consist of ladies, of "general readers," nor of any one who reads for pleasure and amusement. As Homer assumes the knowledge of Trojan and Greek affairs before the wrath of Achilles was set on fire, so Mr. Jevons takes as understood a knowledge of Homer. His first chapter is devoted to "the skill with which the background" of the *Iliad* "is painted in." By this phrase Mr. Jevons means the art shown by Homer in allowing the state of things precedent to the Wrath to be gradually discovered by his audience. No less skill is shown in suggesting, without describing, the end of all. The *Iliad* concludes with the burial of Hector, the tamer of horses. Homer does not, like many novelists, end with a brief abstract of "what became of them all." But, as Mr. Jevons points out with much felicity, all readers of the *Iliad*, even if they have read nothing else, know that sacred Troy perished, and that death came on the son of Peleus. From his first meeting with Thetis to the end of the poem the shadow of Death has shaped itself more visibly and more palpably before him. First he tells Thetis that she bore him to be brief of days. Then she warns him that he is not long for this life after Hector falls. Then he says that one shall smite him on the bridge of war with spear or arrow-shot; he next forebodes his death by Apollo's shafts under the wall of the mail-clad men of Troy. Finally, the dying Hector, with the second sight of dying men, speaks to him of the hour when Paris and Phoebus Apollo shall slay him at the Scean Gate. We need no "sequel" nor second part to tell us what was the end of Achilles:—

Is it necessary to dilate on this perfect piece of art? What to other writers would have been a stumbling-block, Homer makes into an ornament and a support. The death of Achilles has nothing to do with the plot of the *Iliad*; it is a side-issue which must be disposed of somehow; and it is further a side-issue which threatened to ruin the unity of the epic by becoming more interesting than the proper subject, by thrusting the latter into a secondary and itself taking the first place. The side-issue is allowed to develop all its strength and then made to strengthen the main plot. Whenever Achilles appears before the reader, it is to the accompaniment of these funeral notes. They mark his presence on the stage as in a work of Wagner's a "motive" marks a character's appearance. As the interest of the subject increases, and as the action advances, these notes become louder and louder, until the climax of the excitement is reached and the crescendo ends with Hector's dying prophecy in a final and terrible crash.

We may not care for the analogy from Wagner and the "final and terrible crash"; but there is no doubt that, in this criticism, Mr. Jevons establishes the fact of a masterly art underlying the whole epic of the *Iliad*. Mr. Jevons also makes a point which may possibly have escaped the notice of many students of Homer. Why, one feels inclined to ask, out of the long leaguer of ten years, did Greek poetry only choose to celebrate the moment of the Wrath? Partly because the poets conceived the first nine years as a rather dull blockade. Such adventures as occurred befell chiefly in expeditions to outlying towns, and Ilios itself can have been giving little active trouble when Achilles could withdraw to make raids on dependencies—for example, to attack Lesbos; there was an epic, now lost, on this expedition. The sluggishness of the siege is alluded to by Hera, "While yet noble Achilles entered daily into battle, then issued not the Trojans even from the Dardanian gate; for they were adread of his terrible spear." Once more, Mr. Jevons shows how far the *aristeia* of Diomedes is from being a mere *chanson* of that hero's deeds, tagged, or "dovetailed" (as Mr. Paley has it) into the *Iliad*. "The appearance of Diomedes rests on con-

* *A History of Greek Literature, from the Earliest Period to the Death of Demosthenes.* By Frank Byron Jevons, M.A., Tutor in the University of Durham. London: Griffin & Co. 1886.

ceptions which are at the very foundation of the plot." In various other examples Mr. Jevons gives the reader a very strong sense of the unity of the Iliad, despite the casual discrepancies, the absence of which would really prove too much—would prove that the poem had been most strictly edited in a late age. The Odyssey needs this process of criticism less than the Iliad; but Mr. Jevons is equally happy in his brief examination of the plot of the Odyssey, and his consequent refutation of the wreckers who try to break Homer into fragments.

It is already apparent that Mr. Jevons is, to speak in modern political style, a "Unionist." We are happy to think that English criticism, on the whole, has always been Unionist. Two people so unlike as Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Mure are Conservative here, and our national scholarship has sided, as a rule, with Greek tradition, and with the dictates of literary criticism. Even Wolf was a Unionist, in his own despite, when he read the poems as poetry, and not with anatomical eyes. It was necessary that Wolf should come, and he did his work well; but the ultimate results will be an assured and rational faith in Homer, not a mere pious and uncritical belief. Mr. Jevons dispels the theory of a Pisistratean recension, following Nutzhorn, we presume; but he does not much indulge in references and quotations. "To note on each page," he says, "in the German fashion, every obligation and reference would swell the work to twice its present size." Thus we meet with passages of almost textual quotation, for example, as to the *Märchen* in the Odyssey, without special acknowledgment, and "Scylla, the *pieuvre* of antiquity," recurs in Mr. Jevons's work as "the octopus which figures as Scylla."

In his text and in an appendix, Mr. Jevons devotes more space than is perhaps necessary to refuting Mr. Paley. That scholar developed his theory or theories without adequate knowledge of epigraphy, and, we think, without much logical consistency. Mr. Jevons's appendix on "Reading, Writing, and Publication in Classical Greek Times," was well worth writing, and it is well worth reading. It is short, clear, and all to the point. He defends the inscription of Abu Simbel from the quaint charge of being a hoax—a hoax perpetrated when, or for what purpose, who can imagine? "The hoax theory implies a knowledge of the history of the Greek alphabet which probably not even a learned Greek possessed." Fancy a learned Greek elaborately carving a pseudo-archaic inscription in Nubia, for the purpose of accrediting a belief in early Greek writing—a belief which was never doubted by his contemporaries, nor by any one else, till Mr. Paley's time. Voltaire's theory of shells on mountain-tops, or the hypothesis that the Devil sowed fossils (as well as tares) to delude geologists, are not wilder than this attack on the Nubian inscription.

As to "publication" in an age when, if there were some men who could write, there was no "reading public," Mr. Jevons does not touch on the curious legend that Homer gave his daughter an epic as her dowry. What could she do with the epic? The will of a *Trouvère*, who left a long poem, of which he had allowed no one to make a copy, to his son, illustrates the legend. The *Trouvère* says that he had lived well on the presents he received for reciting a poem known only to himself. The legend doubtless assumes that Homer's son-in-law would be as successful in the same way. Such a legend could only have arisen after the Homeric custom of buying wives had gone out, and at a time when the profession of reciting a popular poem was lucrative.

It is probably a blot on Mr. Jevons's book, for educational purposes especially, that he takes no note of the discussions as to the original "Achaean" dialect of the poems and its possible transition through a stage of Asiatic *Æolic*, a transition which, Mr. Leaf says, "Fick has almost proved." Mr. Jevons's chapter on the Hymns is very lucid and interesting, and concerns a point of scholarship too much neglected in England. About Hesiod he writes with a scarcely concealed indifference. He does not go into the question of the *Quellen* of Hesiod, but adopts the belief that his wilder myths are survivals of savagery. Among the early lyricists he is much impressed by Archilochus; he may be said almost to neglect Minnermus, that most musical of pessimists; and he becomes positively enthusiastic, with many quotations from Mr. Swinburne, over Sappho. Here, indeed, Mr. Jevons deals more freely in criticism purely literary than in his earlier chapters. He is Sappho's knight; he must certainly hate M. Daudet for giving her name to a most repulsive novel; but yet Mr. Jevons leaves us a good deal in doubt as to what he thinks about the lady's character. However, that is not a literary question. Of Pindar he declares that "the two chief qualities of his poetry are rapidity and radiance," adding that "it is improbable that the audience, whose attention was claimed by the music as well as the words, either were able or were expected by Pindar to analyse logically the ode as they heard it."

On early prose and Herodotus Mr. Jevons writes pleasantly; but where does he find Herodotus saying that "the language of the Troglodytes, of the Egyptians, and of foreigners generally, was like the chirping of birds"? He says the Troglodyte's speech was like the gibbering of bats (iv. 183), but in ii. 57 he does not say what Mr. Jevons credits him with. He says that the people of Dodona probably thought that the Egyptian priestess's voice was like the voice of birds:—*ἰδοῦσαν δὲ σφί οὐκ ὁμοίως ἀνθρώπων φθέγγεσθαι*. Why were the Cadmean inscriptions at Thebes "undoubtedly forgeries"? Has not Mr. Jevons pointed out the improbability of such a forgery by a learned Greek in the case of Abu Simbel? Mr. Jevons seems to plough with Professor Sayce's heifer. But he does not think Herodotus was a malignant liar

nor a literary thief. His book is very useful, very readable, and, if it by no means contains all that an ideal history of Greek literature should contain, the limits of the plan are to be blamed rather than the execution.

NOVELS AND TALES

IN this book, as elsewhere, Dr. MacDonald invites his friends to be on such dreadfully familiar terms with Nature herself, as well as her gentlefolks, that those without the charmed circle feel more than a little "out of it" now and then. Often—and archly—he refers to her as "old Mother Earth," as "Grannie Nature," sometimes even as "Grannie" *tout court*. Why he so persistently believes that few but himself are on speaking terms with her, or can become so without an introduction from him, is not known; but a general incapacity in others to understand or enjoy her beauties is a part of his creed often more simply and severely than politely expressed. The scene is laid in the wild Highlands of Scotland, and Dr. MacDonald's descriptions of the scenery bring some of his best and sanest qualities into play. But, alas! not only may we breathe the mountain air as he knows how to turn it on; we must (if we can) follow him and his brace of large-hearted, high-minded, huge-muscled Highlanders to moral and spiritual altitudes, where the air is so pure and rare that not every one may breathe it and live. We suspect that even Ian, the immense-souled mystic and primitive Christian (to whom Alister, his brother, is, intellectually speaking, as an infant), lost his head there at times; and the fact of his not returning from Canada, whither he had gone to clear the minds and improve the fortunes of a party of his countrymen, may be explained by the difficulty of screwing him up a peg higher, and a natural reluctance on the author's part to leave him dangling as it were between earth and heaven. As to Mr. MacDonald's story, we may leave readers to find it out for themselves if they like to do so.

There could be no greater contrast than that between *What's Mine's Mine* and *Effie Ogilvie*, both of them stories of Scotch life. After Dr. MacDonald's more than *exaltée* view of the Highlands and the Highlander, the exceeding simplicity of Mrs. Oliphant's tale of Lowlanders and Lowland scenes is a pleasing relief. Her range of material is really wider than his, but neither here nor elsewhere does she show herself so obviously at home on the craggy heights of "morals and manners," nor so eager to drop story-telling for sermonizing and talking eloquent nonsense. In her books, the knowledge and experience are nearly always kept well in hand, and seldom is any irrelevant matter, however good, suffered to retard the development of the dominant idea. So much is this the case, indeed, that the unreflecting reader may sometimes mistake her reticence for poverty of imagination and design. The story of Effie is simple to a fault, meagre in plot and incident to the verge of baldness, and withal "about as commonplace as they make them." The book, indeed, is only an example of the "daily round, the trivial task" well handled. It is called "The Story of a Young Life," but the life is one that has little or none of the "fitful fever" in it, but is so ordered that it might impress an Insurance Company favourably. Effie is a nice enough girl, as girls go; the kind of nice girl who is capable of marrying the wrong man, and doing her duty by him without too much suffering. She is, perhaps, rather more the creature of petty little instincts and pretty little ways than her author may have intended. But she is none the less interesting and lifelike. Most of the women are good—good in idea and action, and very good in speech. The men are much more shadowy, and take far less hold on the attention. The local accent is very successfully reproduced, and much of the quaint talk and the racy sayings of the old-fashioned Scotch ladies could scarce be truer or more amusing.

The Joyous Story of Toto, evidently of American origin, may be read with pleasure by most children, and by some grown-up people, too. The language is natural and humorous, and the conversation of Toto and the creatures of the forest, who are his only playmates, is spontaneous and spirited. Miss Richards has an amusing way of individualizing the characters of these friends—the bear, the raccoon, the squirrel, &c.—who all meet to enliven the blind leisure of Toto's grandmother in a lonely cottage in a wood. Toto is not thrown into slumber in order to hear and see these things, and the author has recourse to no artifice to create an illusion. Utterly impossible things happen in a probable and natural manner which little people may believe in or not as they list. Toto himself is a nice healthy American boy. The book contains extravagant stories within a story extravagant in itself. Some of the creatures are not bad *raconteurs*, and the grandmother's own tales are, considering their source, delightfully purposeless and moralless.

Before, and especially since, Alice walked in Wonderland, an incalculable number of boys and girls (in books) have dropped asleep at odd moments and in out-of-the-way corners to dream delightful or alarming dreams according to their waking nature

* *What's Mine's Mine*. By George MacDonald. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1886.

Effie Ogilvie. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1886.

The Joyous Story of Toto. By Laura E. Richards. London and Edinburgh: Blackie. 1886.

Topsy-Turvy. By S. M. Boevey. London: Wells Gardner & Co. 1886.

The Castle of Colliquen. From the French of Raoul de Navery. By A. W. Chetwode. Dublin: Gill & Son. 1886.

and conduct. The adventures of Jack, the small hero of *Topsy-Turvy*, take place in the water world, and his vision of fishes is somewhat heavy in cast. It is difficult—perhaps it even requires a touch of genius—to invest the fish with interest in any art. Wordsworth, watching his diversions in a glass bowl, could only sing of him that, "Cold though his nature be, 'tis pure," and add that peace is a special virtue, and reigns supreme in finny circles. Had he but watched the "manners and customs" of the fishes in a modern aquarium, by the way, he would have thought differently. Again, it is no easy task to make "dumb" animals talk well, wisely, and briskly. Here the spectacled fish and frogs and the creatures habited as police and professional men talk no better than the author can make them, which is anything but well. From sport to sport they hurry the poor homesick child, not so much to banish his regret as to teach him moral sentiments and improve his temper. For it would seem that in the waking world Jack is rather an "uppish" lad, imbued with the revolutionary idea that he is better versed in some things than his elders. It is the office of the fishes to tone down this childish belief in himself, and to finally restore him to his parents a sadder and a wiser boy.

The last on our list, *The Castle of Coëtquen*, is the story of the fortunes of a noble family of Brittany. It would not be out of place even in the hands of a young French girl, so orthodox is its tone as to morals, manners, and religion. The religious feeling is sometimes quite prettily expressed by Claudine and Patira, both of them victims of a diabolical and gigantic village blacksmith, who, with a leash of treacherous and deformed workmen, makes a dismal and somewhat dismaying picture. The hiding away of the beautiful and virtuous Lady Blanche by her wicked and unnatural brothers-in-law in an awesome round tower, during a brief absence of her husband, is calculated to please the girlish mind, so impossibly improbable is it, especially as regards the escape of the new-born child. The ending—if, indeed, it be meant for an ending, which is scarcely credible—is altogether too unsatisfactory to please any one. For this the translator is, of course, not responsible, though he is so for a clumsily constructed sentence here and there and the too literal rendering of certain others.

AN ICELANDIC PRIMER.*

THIS little volume is designed to form an easy introduction to Old Icelandic, as it was written during the classical period—that is to say, between 1200 and 1350. We shall be glad if it forms a stepping-stone from ignorance to the intelligent study of those admirable publications by which Messrs. Vigfusson and Powell, but particularly Mr. Vigfusson, have been enriching the world of letters within the last ten years. After a careful examination of this Primer, the text of which occupies but eighty pages, the student ought to be ready at once to begin reading with enjoyment the *Heimskringla*—that is to say, the masterpiece of one of the greatest of the world's historians. It is a mistake to suppose that Icelandic is extremely abstruse. The syntax is much the same as in Old English, and the inflexions can be mastered with no great difficulty. When we consider the relative as well as the positive importance to us Englishmen of the stores of knowledge waiting for us in this beautiful antique language, it is surprising that so few have taken the small initial trouble of mastering its elements. It is possible that Mr. Sweet's Primer will attract many who have been hitherto indifferent.

The advanced study of Icelandic is not yet a century old. It was the publication of the *Elder Edda* at Copenhagen in 1787 which gave the first stimulus to the work. There had been many glossaries, but Egilsson's *Lexicon Poeticum* was really the first attempt at a dictionary. Rask in 1811 and Grimm in 1819 began the reduction of Icelandic grammar, and in 1843 there was published in Leipzig Dietrich's *Altnordisches Lesbuch*, a volume which Mr. Sweet would perhaps reject with scorn, but one which has been of inestimable value to many students of the past and even of the present. All these contributions, however, have been swallowed up by the fuller and more authoritative publications of Vigfusson, Noreen, and Wimmer. We are glad to see that Mr. Sweet spares a word of praise for the *Oldnordisk Læsebog* of the last-named, which he states, without, we think, any exaggeration, to be "the best reading-book that exists in any language." Mr. Sweet, who follows all these admirable scholars, and disclaims any pretence to originality, gives forty pages to a succinct outline of Icelandic grammar, forty more to eight characteristic passages of text, and the rest to notes and glossary. Among his selections we find "The Death of Balder," "The Death of Olaf Trygvason," and "Thryms-kvida." These will give the beginner an attractive sample of the romantic old Norse sagas and eddas.

JEBB'S *ÆDIPUS COLONEUS*.†

WE notice with great pleasure that the second part of Professor Jebb's *Sophocles* has followed the first with a rapidity which promises within a few years the completion of the work.

* *An Icelandic Primer; with Grammar, Notes, and a Glossary.* By Henry Sweet. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

† *Sophocles: the Plays and Fragments.* With Critical Notes, Commentary, and Translation in English Prose by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, &c. Cambridge: University Press.

Upon the appearance of the *Ædipus Tyrannus* we spoke of this edition as definitive in the only applicable sense, as marking a distinct advance and bringing materials which all future students would be careful to adopt. After reading the *Ædipus Coloneus* we are inclined to say that this praise was put too low. A classic like Sophocles will be read by each generation from their own point of view and illustrated by their own lights; but, though there cannot be a final interpretation of such work, there can be, for a particular language, a permanent basis of interpretation; and such, we think, Professor Jebb will be found to have furnished to the English students and expositors of Sophocles. More especially do we feel this with regard to the translation, which of all kinds of interpretation is perhaps the most important to the average non-professional reader. English and English ideas will change; but it will not soon be necessary or possible to improve upon this clear and harmonious rendering of Sophocles's meaning in prose of our purest idiom. For such a rendering Sophocles in some respects offers an unusually good opportunity. All poetry which as poetry has any merit must lose very much in losing the form of verse; but the proportion of loss is not always the same. We ought to have, and it is to be hoped that we shall have, accurate and elegant prose versions of all the ancient poets. Translations in verse, whatever their merit, can never supply the same need as instruments in the study of literature. But in the case of some authors—such as Pindar, for example, or Theocritus—the able scholars who have translated them would be the first to insist that, with the delicate metre or the sounding rhythm, more than half the incommunicable beauty is gone; and a still more manifest imperfection will have to be confessed by whoever shall undertake our much-needed version of *Æschylus*. Sophocles also has, of course, his passages in which prose must be, not merely inadequate, but incommensurable. No lover of *εὐπνοῦ*, *ξίπ*, or of *ὄστις τοῦ πλείονος*, will be charmed from the original even by the prose of Professor Jebb. In the best writing of *Æschylus*, not only the songs, but the speeches also, would so refuse to be transferred. As well might we offer to a lover of Milton a prose equivalent for the speech of Belial or the speech of Beelzebub. With Euripides the difficulty would recur in an oddly different shape. In the pursuit of realism he becomes sometimes so familiar in matter and sentiment that the safeguard of poetic form is necessary to the appearance of dignity. But Sophocles—and it is a proof that he saw further into the nature of dramatic poetry than the great inventor himself—is not uniformly magnificent, nor does he affect themes which will not bear exposure in the plainest dress; and there are passages in Professor Jebb's translation in which, to speak for ourselves, we find almost as much pleasure as in the well-known verse. A fragment must be seen at a disadvantage; but even by itself this, we hope, will appear beautiful:—"And when he heard their sudden, bitter cry he put his arms around them, and said, 'My children, this day ends your father's life. For now all hath perished that was mine, and no more shall ye bear the burden of tending me—no light one, well I know, my children; yet one little word makes all those toils as naught; *love* had ye from me, as from none beside; and now ye shall have me with you no more through all your days to come.'"

In noticing a single part of so extensive a work, space compels us to be brief, and we do not regret it; for neither Sophocles nor his translator leave us in the mood for minute arguments. In one place we should offer a reason—which, if it be sound, Professor Jebb will certainly welcome—for not accepting from previous editors a somewhat violent change of the text. Antigone, pleading with *Ædipus* to admit Polynices, says (v. 1189):—

ἔφυσας αὐτὸν ὥστε μηδὲ δρῶντά σε
τὰ τῶν κακίων δυσσεβίστατα, ὦ πάτερ,
θίμης σὲ γ' εἶναι κείνων ἀντιδρῶν κακῶς.
ἀλλ' αὐτὸν εἰσὶ χεῖρότερος γοῦν κακῶς. . . .

For ἀλλ' αὐτὸν, which thus accented and punctuated is inexplicable, the editor adopts ἀλλ' ἄρα, which is perhaps the best of the conjectures proposed, but scarcely redeems its boldness. It is translated "Oh, let him *come*," though it seems very doubtful whether the verb can be fairly supplied. However, we should be content to read, without any change, σὲ γὰρ . . . κείνων ἀντιδρῶν κακῶς ἀλλ' αὐτὸν—"that thou on *thine own part* should'st wrong him *again* in return." The additions of αὐτὸν to σὲ and of ἀλλὰ (κακῶς) to ἀντιδρῶν are both, according to English ideas, superfluous; but nothing is more Greek than to emphasize an antithesis, and of the redundant ἀλλὰ in particular many examples will at once occur to those familiar with the language. In v. 411 σοὶς ὄταν στῶσιν τάφοις is rendered by "when they take their stand at thy tomb"; we should avoid the doubtful locative, and perhaps better satisfy the tense, by "when they are stopped by thy tomb"; the grave of *Ædipus* was, as Professor Jebb explains, supposed to protect Athens in some way against Theban invasion. On v. 1213 τοῦ μετρίου παρὶς is noticed as doubtful; the correction, παρὶς, founded on a well-known peculiarity of Greek writing, is at least technically more probable than all the others mentioned. The very same corruption is found elsewhere. At v. 797 ἀλλ' οἶδα γὰρ σε ταῦτα μὴ πείθων, ἴθι, where the editor is very reasonably distrustful, we think the true solution lies in the tendency of Attic to ellipse and parenthesis, and should write ἀλλ' οἶδα γὰρ σε ταῦτα, μὴ πείθων ἴθι, supplying from the principal sentence οὐ πείθοντα in the parenthesis—"But (for I know that *now* thou convincest not) depart without convincing." We could illustrate this further, but must forbear.

None of these doubts are of any great importance, nor indeed have we any serious objections to make. We hope for an early opportunity of repeating our thanks and encouragements. A volume more delightful than the present we cannot expect.

TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. HOWLEY, in his preface, protests against the modern philosophy of man which distinguishes the duties of private life from acts which are deemed justifiable in public affairs. That would have been an adequate aim even for such a learned and logical essay as he has written; but his purpose is more general and covers the whole ground of the origin and the operation of moral law in its largest sense, and of the Nemesis for its infraction both by nations and individuals. Such an inquiry of necessity leads the author outside the domain of history, for the possibility of knowing is a question precedent to that of the materials of knowledge, and a glance into the qualities of mind is an introduction to the ought-to-be and the must-be of morality. Reason, by projecting itself into another consciousness, is convinced of a moral obligation independent of penalty, and the pressure of human law, in general coincidence with the intuitional sense of right, is an argument which appeals to the senses. The moral law known to Pagan philosophers was enunciated in clearer notes when it had the added sanction of belief in God, and its best precepts were enlarged and elevated by Christian teaching. The moral lessons of Aristotle and Plato and of Cicero (who interpreted the best Greek thought on the subject to the Romans) illustrate at once its purity and its imperfection. If the teachers were *bornés*, it was because they were bounded by their surroundings, and Christianity's work was not to "destroy the law but to fulfil" it. But even the Pagan precepts are not obsolete, and certainly cannot yet be done away because that which is more perfect is come. Cicero would protest against some of the cynical maxims of international morality of the nineteenth Christian century. Mr. Howley's book is worth reading.

Van Steen's commentary on the Holy Scriptures is too well known to students of theology to require remarks or introduction here. The most characteristic portion of it, edited and to a large extent translated by Mr. Mossman, seems to have commended itself to him by features which, in the author's view, difference the Fourth Gospel in the most marked manner from the more realistic narrative of the Synoptics. He shows that the whole sacramental

system of the Catholic Church of Christ is the necessary consequence and complement of the Incarnation. Well or ill founded, this is of course a theory which cannot fail to colour the interpretation of and the comment on every verse of the Gospel, and which must as surely affect the number of those who will follow the commentator as a guide. With supreme merits of its own it often suggests a comparison with the terse pungency of Bengel, and its richness and sometimes burden of authorities, and not seldom obvious reflections makes the reader sigh for the skill "*rem acu tetigisse*," to say nothing of the power of looking at the text in the daylight and not through a stained window. Mr. Mossman has done his part as an able and sympathetic scholar might be expected to do it, and the volume both in translation and execution is worthy of its author.

The explanatory title of Mr. Capes's book, *The Church of the Apostles*, marks its scope. He calls it "An Historical Inquiry," and the inquiry is into the, daily life, the opinions and beliefs of the several communities to which the Epistles of the New Testament were addressed. For the Epistles are at least as much historical documents as controversial, and it is hopeless to endeavour to understand them without remembering that they were written to and for special churches, evoked by special circumstances directed to meet local racial or temporary needs, tendencies or difficulties. To know these is to know the history of the Apostolic Church; to revive and present them is to give the true local colouring necessary to understand any book. The thoughts, feelings and influences in and around the new converts, and not the hills, harbours and temples in and around their cities are the true historical setting in which, when the letter is embedded, it becomes part of human history. We have had almost enough of word-painting about Ephesus and Corinth and Salonica, and congratulate Mr. Capes on resisting the temptation to be picturesque, and on discerning the higher interest of the Epistles as part of Christian history and revelations of the inner life of Christians. The men and women of these old cities are alive in what he calls his "little book"; he has made it little by a commendable suppression of what was superfluous.

The object of Dr. Cunningham's Croall Lectures on *The Growth of the Church* is to show that the Church of the nineteenth century, if not identical with the Church of the first, is continuous with it. By slow but unbroken evolution the present has grown out of the past, and the infinite varieties of development are due to the differences of environment. Thus a small society without organization or officials has expanded into a vast hierarchical system; a community, in which there was at first no distinction between clergy and laity, to meet its needs has evolved the three orders of the ministry; the Last Supper has issued in the Mass—no one of them identical with the germ from which it sprung, but all traceable in strict historical continuity from its source. It was impossible of course to avoid controversial topics; but in most of them the author is in harmony with the best authorities, and for his identification of bishops with elders in the early Church he has the high sanction of Bishop Lightfoot's name. For far the greater part of his statements on the moot points of Church history he is able to give his authorities, which he quotes at first hand and uses with fairness. Students of theology will readily understand how many burning questions must arise in any attempt to deal with such bristling subjects as Church Organization, Church Teaching, the Sacraments, and the Sabbath. It is greatly to the author's credit that he discusses them with conspicuous impartiality, and is able to admit (Presbyterian though he is) how different the Scotch Sacrament is from the first Supper; to acknowledge the Apostolic descent and connexion of all Christian churches, and to rejoice in the blessings which the Church "in all its developments" has conferred on the world. His plain and forcible style is a further recommendation of a useful and interesting book.

It would not be easy to find a more painful contrast to the book just noticed than Mr. Cloquet's Protestant *Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles*, with its narrow dogmatism and second-hand authorities. The author says there is an imperative demand for such a counterblast against Romish and Ritualistic encroachments; whether there is or not will be to some extent tested by the demand for his volume at the publishers. Supposing the demand to exist, whether views like his, as impossible to the educated religious thought of the day as any excesses of "Popish" teaching, are adapted to meet it is a good deal more than doubtful. However this may be, a reviewer feels himself absolved from the duty of close examination of a book written in such a spirit and manner, and further disfigured by vulgar and acrid attacks on the faith of the majority of Christians.

Dr. Fraser's *Synoptical Lectures* are, on the whole, an excellent attempt to present his hearers with an impression of the several books of the Bible as wholes, and to deliver them from bondage to texts. Considered as popular lectures, there is little in them to criticize; they present the history and surroundings of the book and the writer with adequate clearness and at moderate length, and are likely to be useful as showing the general message of each element of the Bible and the coherence of all as parts of a whole. It is only when the writer claims that they are intended, "not for professional students merely, but for all educated Christians," that we feel disposed to demur, and are reminded here and there of passages in which he appears to be ignorant of or to ignore recent views. Such omissions do not detract much from the general value of the book, and would not have been noticed but for the author's claim to be *au courant* with "present-day

* *The Old Morality, traced Historically and applied Practically.* By Edward Howley, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide. Translated by Thomas W. Mossman, B.A., Rector of Torrington, Lincolnshire. London: John Hodges. 1886.

The Church of the Apostles: an Historical Inquiry. By J. M. Capes, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1886.

The Growth of the Church in its Organization and Institutions. By John Cunningham, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

An Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. By Robert Louis Cloquet, Rector of Covenham, Louth. London: Nisbet & Co.

Synoptical Lectures on the Books of Holy Scripture. By Donald Fraser, M.A., D.D. 2 vols. Fourth Edition. London: Nisbet & Co. 1886.

The Discipline of the Christian Character. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co.

On Faith and the Creed. By the Rev. Charles A. Heurtley, Margaret Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1886.

The Divine Office. From the French of M. l'Abbé Baqueux. Edited by Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. London and New York: Burns & Oates.

Scientific Theism. By Francis Ellingwood Abbott, Ph.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

University Sermons. By William Lee, D.D., Archdeacon of Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. London: Rivingtons. 1886.

Gospel Difficulties; or, the Displaced Section of St. Luke. By J. J. Halcombe, M.A. London: Clay & Son. 1886.

Haggai and Zechariah. By the Ven. T. T. Perowne, B.D., Archdeacon of Norwich. Cambridge: University Press. 1886.

St. Paul the Author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the Third Gospel. By Howard Heber Evans, B.A. Second Part. London: Wyman & Sons. 1886.

Constitutional Church Reform. By the Rev. W. A. Mathews, M.A. London: Hatchards. 1886.

The National Church of a Christian Nation. By the Rev. W. A. Mathews, M.A. London: Hatchards. 1886.

Haileybury Chapel and other Sermons. By the Rev. G. E. Jeans, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Christ our Life. By the Rev. Frederick Whitfield, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

Theology of the Hebrew Christians. By Frederic Rendall, A.M. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The King's Coin. By the Rev. Thomas J. Bass. London: Nisbet & Co. 1886.

Led by a Little Child. By H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son. 1886.

Stories on the Collects. By C. A. Jones. Vol. I.—Advent to Easter. London: J. S. Virtue & Co. (Limited).

The Preacher's Book. First Series—Advent to Whitsuntide. By Three Clergymen of the Church of England. London: Skeffington & Son.

Aids to Prayer. By Daniel Moore, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

scholarship." A more serious fault appears to us to be the attempt in every case to "apply" the book—i.e. to derive a spiritual lesson from it. However unpromising the material, the conditions of a sermon are thought to demand the conventional hortatory inference at the end—a concession to custom which results in absurdity in the case of the Book of Esther.

Canon Liddon's enforced rest has not been without its compensation. Even hearers of sermons at St. Paul's must have forgotten their loss as they listened to the many passages of chastened eloquence in Dean Church's five sermons on *The Discipline of the Christian Character*; and readers of sermons will recognize in this small volume an addition to the literature of Christianity not unworthy to rank with the classical volumes of sermons which the English pulpit has produced. It would be unreasonable to complain that a mind that can produce such work should produce so little. It thinks and feels too much to be copious, is too much impressed with the greatness of its subject not to be real, too reverent not to test conviction and emotion as well as to weigh words. So both from the nature and culture of the man these sermons are at once guarded and logical in structure, eloquent and impassioned in their appeals, and rigidly developed from their original conception. The discipline of the Christian character is based on the sense of the individuality of the soul evoked in Abraham; it is fortified by the sternness of the Law, expresses itself in the Psalms' "deep music in a minor key," in the moral convictions of the Prophets, in the sanctity of the Baptist, until it culminates in the life of One who exhibited the constraining force of holiness by the love of God. The stages of this ascent are marked by sermons full of knowledge and sympathy with the books and men of the Old Testament, written with a passion that never runs wild or waxes cold, and with a stern insistence that without holiness no man shall see the Lord (the complement and not the contradiction of the Revelation of Love) which will remind many readers of Cardinal Newman. These are not the first, by many, of the good sermons that have come out of Oriel.

On Faith and the Creed is the English of *De Fide et Symbolo*, and contains the same treatises as that compilation. Professor Heurtley's object in publishing his translation appears to be to show that the dogmatic theology of the fourth and fifth centuries contains no reference to those articles in the creed of Pope Pius IV. which are appended to the Creed of Constantinople, nor to the two new dogmas declared to be *de fide* by Pope Pius IX. One of the treatises is the Commentary of Rufinus on the Apostles' Creed, or rather on the Creed of Aquileia, the Church of his baptism, the *principes editio* of which is in the Bodleian, and is one of the first books, if not the very first, printed in England, if the date of the Colophon, 1468, is correct. Both the original compiler and the translator include in the volume Fortunatus's exposition of the Athanasian Creed, though Dr. Heurtley says it is "probably of later date"—much later if recent researches have arrived at the truth about the origin and period of this Creed. These treatises may be found useful for the construction of doctrinal sermons, and Augustine's homely style in his lectures to Catechumens may give some hints for lessons to candidates for Confirmation.

The Divine Office, it is hardly necessary to say, is not the priesthood, but the service of the Mass, the due performance of which, and the right frame of mind in performing it, ought to be, in the view of the Abbé Bacquez, the chief object of the priest's endeavour. Cardinal Manning endorses this estimate by a quotation from St. Leonard of Port Maurice in his brief preface; and there is no doubt a deep truth in the saint's advice to a priest who asked him for a rule of life, "Say your Mass and your Office well," which will be useful to the clergy of all Churches just in proportion as they are tempted to consider what is technically called duty, not their chief duty. The book is too large, complex, and detailed for us to do more than to say that it is divided generally into a subjective and objective part, relating respectively to the spiritual condition exacted of the priest, and the meaning, history, and purpose of the hours, words, and actions of the sacred functions. It seems to us to be a very complete manual, learned, wholesome, and devout.

Scientific Theism, says Dr. Abbot, is more than a philosophy, it is a religion; its God is no metaphysical abstraction spun out of the cobwebs of idealistic speculation, but an immanent, organic, supremely spiritual infinite life, infinite in wisdom, goodness, and power. It will be inferred from this summary of his conclusion that he is at issue with modern philosophy, but not, he contends, with modern science. The result of the revolution effected by the influence of modern science upon modern philosophy is the conclusion at which the author has arrived. He claims originality for his acceptance, on the warrant of the scientific method, of the fact that we can know the objective relations of things, and his book is a development of the results of this thesis, and of necessity a contradiction of the phenomenal philosophy which makes phenomena depend for their existence on human consciousness. Readers of a metaphysical turn will find a good deal of interest in Dr. Abbot's discussion of the conflicting ideas of phenomenalism and noumenism, of idealism and realism in evolution, and of the mechanical and the organic theory of realistic evolution, and of their influence on the religious questions of Theism, Atheism, and Pantheism. Whether they agree with him or not, they will probably admit that there is more substance, if less picturesqueness, in what he says than in a recent attempt to harmonize science and religion.

The publication of a volume of sermons as a memorial of a

preacher after his death may, with some fairness, be pleaded as a bar to adverse criticism, for the writer might have made an entirely different selection, or he might never have published at all. There is no need of the plea in the case of Archdeacon Lee's *University Sermons*, at all events in the case of most of them. The attempt to represent the various periods of his life, and trace the development of his thought by sermons extending over nearly forty years, was natural and "pious," but it was hardly wise. If the feeling were to be indulged it might have found some place for its expression in a memoir. In the memorial of a theologian, especially if it is the only memorial, what was wanted was the issue and sum of all his reading, thinking, and feeling. The later sermons give this, and exhibit the writer as a man developed but not changed from the earlier preacher, combining much study with a good deal of sympathy, and a scrupulous orthodoxy with strong common sense—a mind thoughtful and informed, with convictions that never shift from their moorings. The memorial of such a mind subject to the mingled influences of the Ireland of to-day is what might be expected—sermons neither original nor eloquent, but moderate, instructive, and interesting, and in their general tone liberal enough to make the reader wonder at occasional instances of adherence to archaic, if not exploded, interpretations.

Gospel Difficulties, according to Mr. Halcombe, are (1) to determine the rules which govern the method of construction of the narratives, and (2) to determine the principles which underlie the variations and agreements. Certain principles, it seems, evidently apply to the greater part of all the Gospels, but there is a central section in which they are contradicted. In his endeavour to localize this disturbing cause he has traced it to a displacement of a passage in St. Luke—displaced because it seemed to conflict with the narrative of St. Mark (iv. 35) which makes the parable of the Sower and the Embarkation take place on the same day. Restore this passage, St. Luke xi. 14 to xiii. 20, to its original position, after the parable of the Sower in the same Gospel, and the general arrangement of the Gospels is perfectly simple throughout. This is the *motif* of a thick volume which in its ten thoughtful essays on the origin and structure of the four histories, and in its new *Harmonia Evangelica*, bears evident traces of critical acumen and of patient and loving devotion to a favourite subject. But, honest and thorough as the book is, it is essentially a specialist's book, and we fear that students of the text of the New Testament are too few to reward the zeal of its enthusiastic and painstaking author.

In his *Haggai and Zechariah* Archdeacon Perowne makes an interesting contribution to *The Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*. Special interest attaches to these two prophets because the time, place, and object of their utterances are so strictly defined. They both spoke at Jerusalem, in the same month of the second year of Darius Hystaspes, and their common object was to urge on the returned exiles to rebuilding the Temple. There the likeness ceases; nothing can be less like the brief and practical exhortation of the former prophet than the mysterious visions of the latter, if indeed he wrote them, as his supposed Chaldean training makes it possible that he did. The editor enters fully into this disputed question of the joint or separate authorship of the first eight and the last six chapters, and is obliged to leave it as unsettled as he found it. The ascription by St. Matthew xxvii. 9 of Zechariah xi. 12 to Jeremiah, may have been the origin or the result of crediting Jeremiah with the authorship or the inspiration of the latter section of the book. The Archdeacon has done his work thoroughly, if somewhat diffusely, but has made it again necessary to remind editors of books of the Bible that their business is not to be hortatory, but didactic; not to be devotional, but expository. We venture to suggest one point to be made clear in future editions—namely, the historical gap in the Book of Ezra after ch. vi. Ordinary readers of the Bible have no notion that they are jumping over fifty-eight years in passing from ch. vi. to ch. vii.; that Ezra had personally nothing to do with the first six chapters, and probably wrote none of them; that the story of Esther comes into that gap; that ch. vi. belongs to the year 516 B.C., and ch. vii. to the year 458—the one to the reign of Darius Hystaspes, and the other to that of Artaxerxes Longimanus.

Mr. Heber Evans returns to the charge with Part II. of his attempt to prove St. Paul to be the author of the Acts of the Apostles and of the Gospel of St. Luke. But he weakens the value of his argument by elsewhere revealing his purpose. If St. Paul wrote the Third Gospel, there is a triumphant refutation of Strauss and the sceptics, because St. Paul was put to death in 67 or 68 A.D., and the siege of Jerusalem, foretold by St. Luke, did not occur till 70; so that, if Paul wrote the Gospel, it is a genuine historical document. Now this is not the spirit of the critic, but of the partisan; and this is not the way to arrive at truth. But, even if this were not enough to make us distrust Mr. Evans's book, the feeble manner in which he deals with the powerful argument from pronouns in the Acts; his insertion among coincidences of expression of some of the commonest words in New Testament as well as classical Greek; his entire omission to note that Paul and Luke were both men of Greek culture and training, and so more likely to resemble one another than to be like the other Evangelists; his neglect to allow for the influence of a mind like Paul's on one like Luke's, and the inevitable tendency of the follower to imitate the phraseology of his chief; his entire suppression of the fact that St. Paul is nowhere else an anonymous writer; and, above all, his failure to account for the absence of St.

Luke's exquisite narrative power (as seen in his famous parables) in any of the recognized writings of Paul—all these considerations diminish our confidence in Mr. Evans as a controversialist, and make us incline to the opinion that he has left the controversy very much where he found it.

Mr. Mathews says with perfect truth that, if the Church is ever disestablished, it will be not on account of any theoretic objection in the great mass of the voters to the principle of the alliance of Church and State, but on account of the practical defects, abuses, and anomalies which come under their observation. The spectacle of immoral or incompetent clergy, the disproportion between remuneration and responsibility, the traffic in benefices, the unfair incidence of tithes, these are the things which disestablish a Church. He thinks, moreover, that the time is favourable to reform. Political power has passed from the class which enervated the Church by its patronage before 1832, and from the class which persecuted it with their jealousy between 1832 and 1867, and is lodged in the hands of those who have no decided conviction either way (though we are not so sure of this) and will judge it by its works. And it is for reform in the strictest sense that he pleads—for restoration, that is, to the old form, from which, for various reasons, mainly the feudalizing of the Church by the Norman kings, and the doctrinal and political results of the Reformation, it has departed. A constitutional reform is a reform according to the Church's principle of government by dioceses, a reorganization of authority neither central nor parochial merely, but diocesan, the government of the Church by a diocesan body representative of both clergy and laity. The subject is treated by Mr. Mathews with moderation, knowledge, and lucidity, from a distinctly Churchman's point of view.

The National Church of a Christian Nation is a companion volume to the one just noticed. It is in reality a prize essay, written in 1872, and published now in the hope that it may be useful in allaying the bitterness of controversy by explaining the true principle of Church Establishment in England (which is defined as a "legal incorporation of the Church with the State for national purposes") and the advantages of Establishment to the Church and nation. The experienced reader will readily conjecture the ground taken and the points discussed in such an essay. The mutual relations of Church and State, the advantages of Establishment, the Scriptural authority for it, how far an Established Church can realize an ideal Christianity, the parochial system, the influence of Establishment upon the clergy—these and other familiar topics are discussed with much fulness and some discursiveness, in a volume which strikes us as less vigorous and interesting than its companion. But then it was written thirteen or fourteen years ago.

Haileybury Chapel and Haileybury boys are fortunate in having a preacher like Mr. Jeans. He knows how to preach to boys; it is a delicate art, and requires a touch at once firm and light. To be homely without being commonplace, to give the necessary local colouring without being a schoolmaster in the pulpit, to interest such hearers and yet appeal sternly and straight to their conscience, to be religious without "making a parade of religion," to charm and yet to awe them, to sympathize with their delight in play and fun, and yet to draw the line between right and wrong, broad, black, and unmistakable—these are some of the ingredients in a school sermon, and are suggested by the sermons of Mr. Jeans. His sermon on "Birds'-Nesting" (for there is a right and wrong even in birds'-nesting) is a good example of the refined skill and fairness of the writer's mind, as well as of his sympathy both with birds and boys. He is full of the spirit of Charles Kingsley and "Tom" Hughes. The volume tempts us to say more, if we had space for it.

Christ our Life is a volume of short services for private use or the sick-room. We are only concerned with the brief sermons which are a part of each of them. In one sense they are all alike; spiritual metaphysics which only a mystic could comprehend and apply under the guise of the homeliest teaching to middle-class people. In the half-dozen of them we have read there is not a word of practical advice, not a hint to show how all these penetrating abstractions concrete themselves in conduct; appeals to feeling in abundance, with no seeming aim but to make feeling more intense. Mr. Whitfield is perhaps logical in making no attempt to improve the world, for he despairs of it, and in turning the thoughts of his disciples incessantly to another, for he seems to think that the purpose of religion is to enable men to escape from the world with the least prejudice to contingent interests. But he forgets that we are told that Hallelujahs are sung because the kingdoms of this world are to become the Kingdom of our Lord. He preaches a religion of emotion and self-delusion in language which is a curious hybrid between vague spirituality and almost puerile literalism.

The Theology of the Hebrew Christians is so closely connected with the vexed question of the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews that Mr. Rendall is amply justified in prefixing a discussion on the former to his consideration of the latter subject. The Pauline authorship was accepted without question from the fifth to the sixteenth century, in spite of the absence of anything like unanimity of opinion in the primitive Church, and is, in fact, impossible for many reasons, of which the chief is that the author's view both of the Law and the Gospel is entirely different from St. Paul's. Nor could Peter or James have written it, because the writer was evidently not an Apostle; the silence of primitive tradition is against the claims of Apollos, and it does not harmonize with the spirit of Philo. Mr. Rendall approaches

a solution, but does not reach it; he is able to determine that the Epistle was written about A.D. 70, that it was addressed to a Syrian Church—possibly Antioch—that the author was a Hebrew Christian—but no more; and his intelligence of the more subtle indications of the Epistle and of the literature which might shed light on the authorship make it unlikely that more will be known. The essay on the theology of the Hebrew Christians exhibits a refined appreciation of the spiritual elements of Judaism which is too rare among Christians, and its detailed analysis of the symbolism of Jewish rites shows the mental process of their transition into Christian sacrificial doctrine, and the mode in which the one was made to represent the other to Christian converts from Judaism. It is a suggestive essay.

The King's Coin is the fanciful title of an appeal to every one to give a tenth of income in charity; a not unheeded exhortation, no doubt, but the author does not look all round his subject. He does not, for instance, recognize how much harder it would be to give 100*l.* out of an income of 1,000*l.* a year than 10,000*l.* out of an income of 100,000*l.*; he forgets how much time, thought, and energy are now given to the poor by men and women who have hardly a sovereign to spare; he takes no notice of the difficulty of giving without the risk of doing harm; and the Dean of Canterbury, who writes the preface, seems to forget that the analogy of tithes is an imperfect one. They were not so much free gifts as a burden imposed on the privileged possessors of a certain form of wealth of which there was a limited amount. We feel inclined to wish a good cause a better advocate.

Mr. Wilmot-Buxton's volume, *Led by a Little Child*, ought rather to be called how to lead little children, and the sermons it contains—most of them about the animals or plants mentioned in the Bible—are full of stories and illustrations likely to rouse and keep the attention of his little hearers. If we might offer a suggestion to a workman who evidently knows his work, we would say that if they were half as long they would be twice as good.

Stories on the Collects is an attempt to bring home to the minds of children the meaning of the Collects by stories illustrating their several lessons. The author has had the sense to perceive that stories for children should be about children; and if they seem here and there a little overstrained, they are, on the whole, likely to attract and instruct a class of little boys and girls.

The Preacher's Book is an improvement on an old idea. The "skeletons" appear with some of the integuments of the living organism, and with materials handy, in an appendix of anecdotes, quotations, and illustrations, for clothing them with more, and a blank page opposite each skeleton for any flesh and blood the preacher can supply. It seems a most convenient clerical vademecum, and a Continental chaplain might start for a six months' cure in some sunny Mediterranean Eden with a light heart and a portmanteau lightened of the burden of six-and-twenty sermons if it contained this little book. A fluent man could preach the sermons as they are; large and small capitals, leaded type and italics are there to catch his eye and prevent him from mixing up his heads and his sub-sections; and the style of the sermons is just that vigorous and varied commonplace which is most generally serviceable and, it is rather painful to confess, most generally acceptable.

Mr. Daniel Moore has attempted the hardest of all tasks—namely, to direct the human spirit to and in its communion with the Unseen, and he cannot be said to have altogether failed. From a clergyman of Mr. Moore's long and wide experience sober thinking and spiritual feeling might be expected; and the title of the book, to which its structure corresponds, shows his perception that in private prayer at all events there is a mean between spontaneous expression and the exclusive use of forms, for which he has endeavoured by *Aids to Prayer* to provide. Those who use this little book as it is intended to be used will find, we think, that it fulfils the promise of its title.

LITERARY RELATIONS OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

THE Cambridge University Press may justly pride itself on having within a few months produced two books of literary history, Mr. Tilley's *Literature of the French Renaissance* (or at least the introduction thereto) and the work before us, which are eminently such as a University Press should produce. Mr. Herford's is particularly welcome, inasmuch as the older German literature has been even more neglected in England than the older French. Since Mr. Carlyle's altogether admirable essays—the merit of which is not after nearly sixty years seriously affected by the great accretion of knowledge and the consequent discovery in some cases of errors in fact in them—very little has been done by competent and independent investigators in England for the older German, and Mr. Carlyle himself stopped short of the sixteenth century. It is of course quite true that the positive literary value of German literary production between the days of the last Minnesingers and the revival of the eighteenth century is but small, and cannot compare with that of any other of the five great European nations. In the present book by far the most interesting part of Mr. Herford's subject-matter is Latin, not

* *Studies in the Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century.* By C. H. Herford. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1886.

vernacular; and of any great inspiration derived by England or any other country from Germany in the way of literary form neither Mr. Herford nor any one else is likely to be able to tell us anything. But the actual production of Germany herself was considerable and in many ways interesting, and it well deserves discussion in English by some one who, as Mr. Herford evidently has done, has taken the trouble to examine it with his own eyes and not somebody else's.

Of the special direction of the present book as a study of the influence of Germany on England we cannot perhaps quite speak so positively. It may add a certain zest for the English reader; we are not quite sure that it adds much to the completeness of the book itself. As long as the first throes of the Reformation lasted, Germany had indeed the opportunity of exercising a great influence on England; but she had not the literary strength to take advantage of that opportunity. As soon as the Renaissance movement acquired power with us our men of letters turned resolutely to Italy and Spain, neglecting both Germany and France. In the great outburst of the latter days of Elizabeth hardly anything more than Spenser's well-known translations of Du Bellay in the highest literature, Silvester's *Du Bartas*, and the singular anonymous collection of sonnets called *Zepheria*, with Kyd's *Cornelia* and a few other works in the lower, shows much trace of French influence. As for German, the influence of the Faustus story, of which Mr. Herford (though it would be unfair to say that he exaggerates it) certainly makes the most, is almost the only really noteworthy thing that can be cited, except the popularity of the *Narrenschiff*. No doubt *Ulenpiegel* got itself translated; no doubt Dedekind's *Grobianus* got itself imitated. But in a general way Germany exercised very little influence on England, and not even the fervour and success with which her scholars cultivated the tragedy after the fashion of Seneca gave that hybrid any hold on Englishmen. To put it plainly, the finer spirits in England were striving after a perfection of literary form in the vernacular of which Germany could not pretend to give them any example whatever, while the best opening for spirits less fine was in the vernacular drama, of which also Germany had no models of any importance to afford. The Teutonic appetite for the marvellous, and for broad, not to say low, humour found indeed correlatives on the other side of the narrow seas, and supplied them with some of the material which had been created for its own demand. But otherwise the two countries had from a literary point of view very little to say to one another. This, however, neither makes Mr. Herford's book less interesting nor detracts from the usefulness of the industry with which he has traced all or most of the English books, Latin or English, which owe their origin directly or indirectly to German books in German or Latin. His opening description of his theme or subject as one in which *The Ship of Fools*, *Faustus*, and *The Gull's Hornbook* are luminous but isolated points, and of his scheme as an attempt to supply connexion and background, is quite just; and, if the connexion and background contain on the whole details more German than English, there is very little reason to find fault with them for that.

Mr. Herford, after a brief account, which is rather of controversial than of purely literary interest, of the relation between German and English lyric through the translations of German hymns by Coverdale, goes on to the more fertile theme of the Reformation dialogue. That this had for a time some influence is clear from the well-known examples of "Rede me and be not wrothe," "The Husbandman and the Gentleman," "John Bon and Mast Parson," &c. But the form seems to have taken little hold on the English taste, and when in the latter part of the century a similar debate arose, it is especially noteworthy (a point which Mr. Herford does not seem quite to have noticed) that, though the foundation of the Martinist paper war was, so to speak, laid in Udall's dialogue of *Diotrephes* (which he duly quotes), the form was little, if at all, used in the subsequent controversy. Indeed, the dialogue never has to the present day been a thoroughly popular style in England, while even in Germany and at the period under notice it is worth observing that by far the best specimens, with those of Erasmus at their head, are in Latin, not in German.

The third chapter, on Latin drama, is one of the best in the book, and perhaps the one which best answers to the general title. For the influence of the German drama in the form of Seneca on the Latin drama in the same form in England is unquestionable, and the facts about the latter are very little known. Indeed, Mr. Herford might do excellent work by turning his attention to this exotic of ours, and giving a complete history of it—a thing never yet done, and for the doing of which, from various hints, he seems to have a hankering. He has, in brief, practically given such a history for Germany, and very good it is, but his acquaintance with the English-Latin drama, which is almost wholly in manuscript, is confessedly less, and we cannot pretend to any greater knowledge than his own in this respect. It is possible that further investigation might help to illustrate that curious point of purely English literary history—the complete failure of the Senecan drama to obtain any vernacular hold on English. Meanwhile the account of the influence of Kirchmayer on Hale and Foxe and of the performance of the *Pammachius* at Cambridge is very good. And so is the account of the possible connexion of Gascoigne's *Glass of Government* with German originals.

So far the subjects have been chiefly of interest to students of literature; but the four chapters of the second part, dealing successively with the Faustus legend, with Owlglass, with the *Ship*

of *Fools*, and with the Grobianus cycle, have a wider attraction. For here we are concerned with matters of which all but the most ignorant know something. In reference to the Faust legend Mr. Herford has not been able to add much to the general knowledge, and it was not to be supposed that he would; but he has given an interesting and useful comparison of *Dr. Faustus*, *Old Fortunatus* (which he not unjustly regards as having had infused into it a kind of Faust flavour), *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, and Greene's *Friar Bacon*, ending up with an interesting tracing of the connexion between the German and the English crusade against belief in witchcraft as exemplified by Wierus and Reginald Scot. Then we have the not less famous, though less dignified, group of Eulenspiegel and his relations, the Parson of Kalenberg and Friar Rush. To each of these Mr. Herford devotes a section, prefacing them with one of the well-known medieval dialogues of Solomon and Marcolf, which, however, might be argued to be not quite in place. For, as far as Europe at any rate is concerned, Marculphus appears in France earlier than elsewhere, and such vogue as he may have had in England is certainly traceable with more reason to French than to German influences. In the last chapter but one we have the *Narrenschiff*, and in the last the quaint and curious Grobian cycle which Dekker made English after such an ingenious fashion in *The Gull's Hornbook*. In dealing with Sebastian Brandt, Mr. Herford makes an excursion into English folly-literature, and into the class of satire represented by Skelton's *Bowge of Court*, and other books—an excursion which strikes us as something irrelevant, but which is in itself interesting.

This sketch will show the reader into how many byways of literature Mr. Herford is ready to be his guide. We may add that he will be found a guide both pleasant and trustworthy. His style is clear and lively without being ambitious; he makes none of the pretences to extraordinary discoveries which are the bane of not a few literary historians, and his indication of sources and means of completing his own information is exceedingly copious and careful, furnishing chapter and verse to an extent enough to satisfy the most scrupulous demander of documents. If he has a fault, it is the very common and by no means very serious one of making his unfamiliar geese too uniformly into swans. It is no doubt very hard to avoid this—very hard not to over-praise a little these neglected ones whom every student of old literature finds, and rightly finds, to be infinitely superior to persons of his own day that fill the trump of fame, if only for the moment, in perhaps a superfluous manner. Nevertheless, it has got to be resisted. To speak the sober, honest truth, hardly a single work of which Mr. Herford has to speak here has, even from the historical-criticism point of view which Mr. Matthew Arnold hates so much, real or intrinsic interest as literature. They are all curiosities, tentatives, suggestions on which other men worked great things later, fragments, exercises, rough drafts. As we look through Mr. Herford's full and well-arranged table of contents we hardly see the title of a single book that even an enthusiastic lover of literature need much have lamented if it had perished clean out of human ken. This does not make his work any the less worth doing, for in literature, as elsewhere, a period may be of great importance and of no small interest as a whole, though no single one of its productions is of extraordinary or even high ordinary value. But it behoves the historian of such a period to be very cautious of his adjectives in dealing with it.

SWEDENBORG'S PRODOMUS.*

IT is not in connexion with such works as his *Prodromus de Infinito, et Causa Finali Creationis: deque Mechanismo Operationis Animæ et Corporis* that most people are accustomed to think of Swedenborg, for the profound genius of that wonderful explorer into physics and natural philosophy is too often forgotten, and the crazy dreams of his later years, when among other matters it was revealed to him that no one was so highly thought of in the world of spirits as Elizabeth of Russia, are almost alone remembered. A new edition of this little book, written in 1734, the first of his philosophical works that attracted much attention in England, would therefore be of considerable use, were it likely that any one would read it who did not already know something of his true place in philosophy and science. Even as it is, Mr. Gorman's edition is so carefully prepared and so well got up, that it may tempt some who have hitherto been content to take their ideas of Swedenborg's philosophy at second hand, to read at least one of his almost numberless volumes for themselves. The *Prodromus* was written in what may be called the second period of the author's life, when he turned from his examination of physical science to attempt to construct a philosophy. It is a kind of supplement to, and was published in the same year as, his *Principia*, in which he applies the principles of Motion to cosmogony, and it appeared some nine years before the date of his first "revelation." After establishing the existence of an Infinite as the answer to the question "Unde," and showing how man is led to the acknowledgment of God by the contemplation of Nature, and especially of the human body, he inquires into the connexion (nexus) between the Infinite and the

* Emanuel, Swedenborgii Sacra Regie Maj. Secicæ Collegii Metallici Assessoris Prodromus Philosophiæ Ratiocinantis de Infinito, et Causa Finali Creationis: deque Mechanismo Operationis Animæ et Corporis. Ed. Tho. Murray Gorman, M.A., e Coll. Hert. Oxon. Londini: Apud Kegan Paul, Trench, et Soc. MCCCCLXXXVI.

Finite, and points out that this "nexus" is infinite and unknowable; that man is "the ultimate effect in the world through which the Divine purpose is realized," because he is endowed with reason—"cujus ope machina possit agnoscere et cognoscere Deum"; and that, though the end of creation would have been frustrated when the body got the better of the soul, it is restored in the Son of God. In the second part he seeks to expound the mechanism of the intercourse between the soul and the body. He attempts to prove that the soul is bound by mechanical and geometrical laws; that it is in nature, and a physical constituent of the body; and finds the "nexus" in Motion, making the soul a centre, to which all motions and vibrations are carried by means of organs and membranes. Accordingly he places the seat of the soul "in substantia cerebri corticali et ad partem etiam in medullari, ubi nexus talium subtilissimarum membranarum a particula ad particulam esse queat." In later years he passed through a strange conversion from this materialism to spiritualism, and declared that the spiritual alone was substantial, and that all reasoning concerning the Infinite was foolish and dangerous. But all things connected with Swedenborg, his wisdom and his madness—"his celestial madness" Coleridge called it—are alike strange.

FIVE NOVELS.*

IN these days of "hurry-scurry," when people seem hardly to have time to breathe, much less to read, and when "shilling dreadfuls" have been the natural answer to the craving for excitement in literature as well as in other things, it is like a draught of pure cold spring-water after a day of dust and heat to come across so charming a book as *The Chilcotes*. With a sufficient amount of story to carry on the reader's interest, the great charm of the book lies in the delineation of character, and not of one person alone, as is too often the case in modern novels, where one character is flayed alive and the others are barely sketched in. Moreover, Mr. Keith lets his personages tell their own tale and reveal their own characters. Nothing could be better described than the contrast between the two sisters-in-law, Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Edward Chilcote, the former the widow of a successful merchant, perfectly satisfied with herself and all her surroundings, the other the widow of an Oxford don, a gentle dreamer of dreams, who has flown home after burying her beloved at Mentone, thinking to find with her widowed sister-in-law that inner sympathy for which she so passionately craves. Mrs. Tom is delighted to see her, takes her in hand at once, orders her mourning, insists upon her remaining shut up in her room for the requisite time—"one has to be conventional, however one may feel, if only for the sake of the servants," says this true woman of the world, recognizing the domestic censorship of which people of her type, and they are many, stand so much in awe. Mrs. Tom, while apparently lavishing attentions on Janet in every way, contrives to make her feel "very childish and ill-regulated." Janet does her best to love Mrs. Tom, but finds it by no means easy; and one of the best scenes in the book is when Janet, in a last effort to try to break down the wall of want of sympathy which seemed ever to divide them, sits on the floor beside her sister-in-law, and, laying her head on the other's knee, leads her to talk of the deceased Tom, the brother of her own dead husband:—

"You miss him?" said Janet in a subdued voice.
"Of course I do," said Lydia calmly. "This is just about the time he used to come home. I always made a point of being in to receive him. I used to hear all about the business in those days, and I miss that. Then he took such an interest—such a healthy interest—in his dinner that it was quite a pleasure to test a new *menu* on him. With most men it is a sheer waste of brain power to think of anything but the usual routine of roast and boiled, but Tom always appreciated one's efforts."

Loneliness to one of Janet's nature was a kind of death, but physical loneliness in her own house was easier to bear than the soul-loneliness which was forced upon her under Mrs. Tom's roof. However, it is while she is still with her sister-in-law that she meets the man who ultimately smooths her path—a hard-headed Scotch artist, a woman-hater through ignorance of the sex, and, like many woman-haters, ready to fall on his knees, and worship the first pure, good specimen of womanhood that comes in his way. Poor Janet's struggles against her fate when she first finds this second love growing up in her heart, are piteous indeed, and long enduring; but Dan Cupid finally gains the day in spite of Mrs. Tom and the array of conventionalities she brings to bear upon her erring sister-in-law. Anybody who prefers charm of writing and style to the "battle, murder, and sudden death" description of literature, cannot do better than read the *Two Widows*.

No greater contrast to Mr. Keith's story could be found than that of Mr. Dowling's. They have two features in common, however—they both begin with a dead man, and the heroine of each story is a widow throughout. Mr. Dowling's lady is, in fact, the more consistent "relict" of the two, for she remains unconsoled to the end. Beyond these two facts of resemblance the stories differ

in toto. Mr. Davenport is found dead under circumstances sufficiently suspicious to necessitate a coroner's inquest. His death has evidently been due to an overdose of chloroform, and by whom it was administered is the question. His beautiful young wife declares that he suffered from asthma, and was in the habit of stopping its attacks with chloroform; but, unfortunately for her, a piece of paper torn out of Mr. Davenport's note-book is found, on which is a distinct charge of murder against a certain Blake, a former adorer of Mrs. Davenport's, in the handwriting of the dead man. Needless to say that after this discovery both Mrs. Davenport and Mr. Blake are within measurable distance of the scaffold; popular opinion runs high against them when the dead man's accusation is disclosed, and their best friends lose faith. But science is at hand, aided by law; and the *post-mortem* examination, which ought to have hanged them comfortably according to all right-minded people, brings them out triumphantly rather as victims of the delusions of an ill-conditioned maniac. This is all told, and very well told, in the first volume; and, if Mr. Dowling had only stopped there, his story would have been one of great interest and originality, and quite complete in itself; but he has spoilt his effect by probably obeying his publisher's demand for three volumes instead of one. The remaining two volumes have little or no connexion of interest with the first. The scene is changed to the West coast of Ireland, "a bold, bad, rock-bound coast," and Mr. Dowling's description of the coast-scenery and the cliffs is so good that one wishes he had written his whole story in the same key. But it is really a pity that those two superfluous volumes should have been tacked on to the first. It is not that they are not in their way equally good, but that they are not needed; and to have exhausted one's legitimate interest in the first volume, and have to content oneself with a sort of *réchauffé* in the two following volumes, is hard on a conscientious reader.

There are certain books that a reviewer is sometimes obliged to read, but that he lays down in mute amazement at what publishers can be found to publish, and to this class belongs *My Destiny*. Such a tissue of vulgarity, ignorance, affectation, want of grammar, it has seldom been even our lot to come across. Every page is liberally adorned with italics and notes of admiration. The author discovers wit in speaking of Beethoven's Sonatas as "ugly snorters"; the heroine's mother says to her daughter on the eve of her marriage that "they cannot be too thankful that such a thoroughly good 'catch' has arrived at such a season"; the heroine says of her intended husband that "his black eyes, full of passionate fire, are gazing into mine, and his moustache has such a savage curl! Oh! I hate him! I hate him!" A little later on we find the gentlemanly owner of the black eyes and savagely-curved moustache thus speaking to his wife:—"Come, give me a good healthy kiss, and no 'heeltaps,' as we say at the club." This will probably suffice.

It really seems hardly fair to tempt people to ruin their eyesight. The series of short stories published by Mr. Stevens is printed in such microscopically small type that a visit to the oculist seems to loom in the distance when one reaches the last pages. The stories themselves are, we fancy, mostly, if not all, reprints from magazines, and decidedly good of their kind. *Duchess Hetty* and *Like unto a Star* are, perhaps, the best of them; but they are all likely to be popular amongst young lady readers, for whose benefit they are evidently written.

The Curate's Wife is a harmless, plethoric book, fairly well written and imagined; but it suffers from a redundancy which is somewhat oppressive during the length of two closely-filled volumes. The talent that can clothe a simple tale of country life with sufficient interest for the general reader is a rarer one than is often imagined or met with at this side of the Channel.

THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND A NIGHT.*

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S sixth volume is one of the least objectionable of the series, and, though not exactly suitable reading *virginibus puerisque*, is notable for the moderate number of the verses inserted in the text. It contains besides some of those inimitable tales of magic and adventure that have rendered the collection of the *Thousand and One Nights* world-famous. At the head of the table of contents is "The Story of Sindbad the Seaman, and Sindbad the Landsman," the account of whose exciting adventures, if we leave out the not unimportant marvels concerning the Rukh, the Ogre, and the Old Man of the Sea, are based on a very considerable foundation of fact. The tale is indeed a romantic version of the accounts brought home by the Basrah mariners of what they met with during their voyages eastwards to the Indies and China and Japan; and to any reader who knows the admirable edition of Marco Polo, edited not long ago by Colonel Yule, it must seem a pity that one so competent should not have been induced to annotate the immortal "Seven Voyages" of Sindbad. Lest the reader might weary of sea-tales—and this point shows the remarkable editorial skill of the first compiler of the *Thousand and One Nights*—"Sindbad" is followed by the no less wonderful story of the "City of Brass," in which it is related how the Caliph of Damascus despatched an embassy into the West, to the far-off Morocco, where the sun sets in the ocean, to get

* *The Chilcotes*; or, *Two Widows*. By Leslie Keith. London: Ward & Downey. 1886.

Tempest Driven. A Romance. By Richard Dowling. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1886.

My Destiny. By Laura A. S. Carew. London: Bevington & Co. 1886.

A Mad Love; and other Stories. London: William Stevens.

The Curate's Wife. By J. E. Pantou. London: George Redway. 1886.

* *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, &c. Translated by R. F. Burton. Vols. VI., VII., and VIII. Benares: Printed by the Kamashastra Society for Private Subscribers only.

him some of those justly celebrated "cucurbites of copper, stoppered with lead and sealed with the signet of Solomon, son of David—on whom be peace!" in which were imprisoned "the Jinns whom Solomon, son of David, being wroth with them, shut up in these vessels and cast into the sea." To the men of the East, Moghrib, the Moorish country of the West, was ever a land of mystery and adventure. The "City of Brass" which the embassy visits was doubtless suggested by some of those grand Roman remains, the temples and arches of which still excite the wonder of travellers in the interior of Algeria, and which a thousand years ago, in the early days of Islam, were doubtless much more numerous and less gone to ruin than they are now. The inscriptions, whether Latin or Greek, of Roman legionaries or Ionian colonists, were always a subject of intense interest to the Arab, who was, of course, unable to read them. In the Tales, however, a learned Shaykh, "versed in all tongues and characters," is generally introduced, who forthwith reads "the tablet whereon were graven letters of gold in the Ionian language," translating the same into Arabic verse. The lines so rendered are, curiously enough, though of course supposititious, among the best of those quoted in the *Arabian Nights*, and remind one occasionally of the quatrains of Omar Khayyâm. This is especially the case when they are said to be from the Greek; we give a single quotation, taken very much at random, for such pieces occur again and again:—

Then he entered the palace, and was confounded at its beauty and the goodness of its construction. He diverted himself awhile by viewing the pictures and images therein, till he came to another door, over which also were written verses, and said to the Shaykh, "Come, read me these." So he advanced and read as follows:—

Under these domes how many a company
Halted of old and fared withouten stay:
See thou what might displays on other wights
Time with his shifts which could such lords waylay:
They shared together what they gathered
And left their joys and fared to Death-decay:
What joys they joyed! what food they ate! and now
In dust they're eaten, for the worm a prey.

Following on these accounts of adventurous voyages to the far East and far West is a curious series of seven-and-twenty short stories told to illustrate "the Craft and Malice of Women," being "the Tale of the King, his Son, his Concubine, and the Seven Wazirs." This section is the Arab version of the celebrated *Book of Sindbad*, the "Sindbad Nâmeh," which last the translator informs us only assumed its present form as late as 1375 A.D., but which must have been the pattern taken by the Trouvère Herbers for his "Dolopathos," the romance which obtained such fame during the thirteenth century of our era. "The Sindbad Nâmeh," too, was doubtless the prototype of the *Seven Sages*, written by John Holland in 1575, the *Seven Wise Masters*, and a host of minor story-books of that date. The *Book of Sindbad* has recently been reissued by Mr. Clouston, and comparing the present translation with that made on the Persian, it is curious to note the dry and businesslike tone of the Arab style with the rhetorical luxuriance and bombast of the Irân story-teller. The twenty-seven tales here told are some of them extremely comic, and are supposed to be related, turn and turn about, by the "Concubine," and some one out of the "Seven Wazirs," on one side to urge, on the other to restrain, the king from putting to death his son whom the Concubine (after the example of Potiphar's wife) has falsely accused of making love to her. Among these, the story of the "Drop of Honey" has a curious resemblance to the accumulative nursery rhymes in *The House that Jack Built*, which, says our translator, "find their indirect original in an allegorical Talmudic hymn."

The story of the "Drop of Honey" narrates how a hunter found a hollow full of bees' honey, some of which he took home in a water-skin. In the city he sold the honey to an oilman, but in emptying out the skin, a drop fell to the ground, whereupon the flies flocked to it, and a bird swoops down upon the flies. Then the oilman's cat springs upon the bird, and the huntsman's dog flies at the cat, and the oilman kills the dog, and the huntsman kills the oilman, and, lastly, the men of their respective villages take up the quarrel and fight, "till there died of them much people, none knoweth their number save Almighty Allah." The story is only curious as showing how far and away is possibly the source of our nursery tales. Traced to their home they become veracious and characteristic anecdotes, for in the present case nothing can be truer to the life than the above account of the origin of a desolating war, and Arab history is full of petty but sanguinary campaigns caused by the most ridiculous of trifles.

In a former notice of Sir R. Burton's work we have taken occasion to reprehend the extremely repulsive matter of many of his notes. The sixth volume is laudably free from scandalous anecdotes; but with Sir R. Burton any peg is good enough to hang a yarn upon. Thus, for instance, at this somewhat late hour, though meat-kabobs have been mentioned time and again without note or comment in former volumes, the translator sees fit to afford his readers some useful details on the proper way of cooking meat. He gives a note:—

Arab, "kabab," mutton or lamb cut into small squares, and grilled upon skewers; it is the roast meat of the nearer East, where, as in the West, men have not learned to cook meat so as to preserve all its flavour. This is found in the "Asa'o" of the Argentine Gaucho, who broils the flesh while still quivering and before the fibre has time to set. Hence it is perfectly tender if the animal be young, and it has a "meaty" taste half lost by keeping.

It is all very interesting to know that Sir R. Burton has eaten tender meat among the Gauchos; but what has this to do with kabobs and the *Arabian Nights*? Volume VI., having proved so satisfactorily free from nastiness, it were well not to examine too closely the seventh and the eighth volumes, which in many places unfortunately fully come up to the standard of abominations set up in the earlier portion of the work. Sir R. Burton's labours, it is to be hoped, will be completed in two more books; but, indeed, after Volumes VII. and VIII., we shall tremble to receive them, for truly (from a literary point of view, of course, we mean) there seems nothing of which the translator might not be capable.

A DANCING TRACT.*

ALL things, and all men, come to him who knows how to wait. The British public has known how to wait—and to wait, moreover, with considerable equanimity—for the man who should be able to write a little book about dancing without being excessively ludicrous, and Mr. Edward Scott has come to it, bringing with him a tract called *Dancing as it Should Be*, which, albeit rather high-flown, is in the main a moderate, sensible, and surprisingly accurate statement of such matters concerning dancing as can profitably be put into a handbook. This is the more to Mr. Scott's credit, because a former volume of his on the same subject, which was made the text of some general observations in this journal about a year ago upon the "Literature and Dogma" of dancing, failed to form an exception to the well-established rule which has hitherto dictated the character of this sort of work. Mr. Scott is therefore worthy of praise in the double capacity of the first man who has written a sensible dancing tract, and one of the very few men upon whom good advice is not thrown away. If any one wishing to learn to dance thinks that a little book on the subject will be of any use to him, he cannot do better than procure a copy of *Dancing as it Should Be*. It is elegantly got up.

JOHN GALT AND HIS LIVES OF THE PLAYERS.†

THE name of the author of this book recalls a very curious career—adventurous both in life and literature, as full of variety and enterprise almost as that of Defoe. Before speaking of the book—about which, in truth, there is not much to be said—it may be worth while to say something about the writer, especially as nothing is said about him in the edition before us. The fact is not mentioned that the volume is a reprint of two volumes published in 1831, though of course Galt's name indicates that its date goes a long way back. Still this should have been explicitly stated, and some account should have been given of the place of the work in the life of its writer. The diversity of Galt's achievements is illustrated by the fact that Galt pretended to have set the example of metrical romance to Walter Scott, while he indirectly contributed the word utilitarian to the nomenclature of philosophical systems. John Stuart Mill states that he borrowed the name, which he afterwards himself disowned as sectarian and imperfectly expressive of his entire philosophy, from a passing expression in Galt's *Annals of the Parish*. From Walter Scott to John Mill is range wide enough. John Galt was born in 1779 at Irvine, in Ayrshire, and having served an apprenticeship to business in the Greenock Custom-house and in a merchant's office, he came to London to engage in trade, to which he showed his devotion by betaking himself to the composition of a poem in octo-syllabic verse called *The Battle of Largs*, of which some portions were published in the *Scots Magazine*, and which in his view marshalled Walter Scott the way that he was going. It is not, perhaps, astonishing that the metrical romancer became bankrupt in three years. Having entered at Lincoln's Inn, he gave proof of the zeal with which he intended to prepare himself for his new profession by undertaking a three years' course of travel in Europe. He made the acquaintance of Byron and Hobhouse, and knocked about with them over a good deal of land and water. To Galt life and experience were the raw materials of books; things existed to be written about—an extravagant view, perhaps, but one which is better than the practice of some modern authorship, according to which books have nothing to do with life and experience. In two separate works of travel he surveyed the world from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Returning home, he wrote, besides articles for newspapers and political and commercial essays, lives of Cardinal Wolsey and Benjamin West the painter, relieving his graver biographic and economic studies by a small trifle of tragedies, the names of two of which at least show that he did not fear comparison with his greatest predecessors, Greek and English. They were entitled *Maddalen*, *Agamemnon*, *Lady Macbeth*, *Antonia*, and *Clytemnestra*. Managers then, as now, had flinty hearts, and to shame them into a sense of their own interests Galt set up a periodical work called *The New British Theatre*, intended for the reception of plays left to be called for at the stage-door, or otherwise treated with contumely. Galt was himself a copious contributor to this foundling hospital of dramatic wit. We re-

* *Dancing as it Should Be*. By Edward Scott. London: Frederick Pitman. 1886.

† *The Lives of the Players*. By John Galt, Esq., Author of "The Life of Byron," "Annals of the Parish," &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Glasgow: T. D. Morrison. 1836.

commend his example to the large number of dramatic authors who are anxious to show the superiority of unacted play-writers over successful playwrights. Galt had written or sketched out a large number of these plays while he was detained in quarantine in a Turkish port, and the circumstances amid which they were engendered seem to have left a birth-mark upon them.

The author of *The Battle of Largs* had set an example to the author of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. He did not disdain to borrow one from the author of *Waverley*, whom he followed into the region of prose fiction. He began in 1820 with *The Earthquake*, which failed to stir the public. Then, finding after long trial that the tragic and melodramatic were not in his vein, he betook himself to the scenes and society of his early years—the life of small country towns in Scotland, in which the actors are the shopkeeper, the minister, and the bailie. The impressions made by the first twenty years of a man's life are those which colour and shape it. Dickens never thoroughly understood any class except that struggling and lower middle class in which his early life was spent; and George Eliot was never so much at home, even in Florence, as she was among the farmhouses and cottages and conventicles of her Warwickshire girlhood. In *The Ayrshire Legatees*, *The Annals of the Parish*, and the best among their successors Galt reproduced the life of the Scotch village and market-town with a fidelity equal to that shown by Miss Edgeworth or Carleton in depicting the Irish squireen and peasant of their periods.

Literature, however, was always a secondary thing with Galt. He was as full of projects as Defoe himself. He invented a plan for evading the Milan and Berlin decrees by introducing British goods into the Continent through Turkey; but he failed to convince exporters of its practicability. He had schemes about canals, in which perhaps M. de Lesseps might have found something useful. He left marks of his energy and ability in America in promoting, as agent of the Canada Company, settlements on the Crown lands of that colony, and in superintending as Commissioner the execution of the plans which he devised. Whatever his position in literature, the founder of the town of Galt is entitled to honourable memory on the other side of the Atlantic. But Galt had a genius for being misunderstood, and for getting into scrapes, and into quarrels, especially with his bread and butter. He was recalled, and, after contributing signally to the prosperity of Canada, was himself obliged to take advantage of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. The rest of his life was that of a newspaper and bookseller's hack, employed, to use his own phrase, in "wrenching life from famine." He produced novels, biographies, articles for magazines and newspapers without rest, though not without haste.

The Lives of the Players, written in 1831, after his first attack of paralysis, is one of these forced contributions to the necessity of somehow keeping himself alive. It is not to be expected that, compiled in these circumstances, it should possess any great literary value. It includes short sketches of the lives of actors and actresses from Hart and Betterton to John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. The author in his preface expresses his belief that it "will probably be among the most amusing books in the language." It is still very readable. But we cannot say that it is very edifying, or even very agreeable. It bears traces in a certain querulousness of tone of the distressing circumstances in which it was produced, perhaps also of the gloomy and discontented temper native to the author. The resentment of an unacted dramatist possibly survived in Galt's decline. An exhibitor of performing dogs disparaging his troupe could scarcely speak with more scorn than Galt does of the players whose lives he records. He has endeavoured, he says, to make a parlour-book; but he clearly lets it be understood that in doing so he must leave the lives of the players very imperfectly told. The volume certainly produces on the mind of the reader the impression that he has got into very doubtful company, and Galt's air is that of a man very much ashamed of acting as master of the ceremonies to a queer rabble. That actors and actresses during the greater part of the history of the English stage were men and women of bad education, bad manners, and bad lives is an idea which Galt seems to have a malicious pleasure in suggesting. The impression is, we believe, true only so far as the actors of any time have shared the morals of that time. An adroit selection of individuals and incidents might make a scandalous book out of the *Lives of the Parsons*. Galt's volume is too much inspired by contempt to have any great value as a contribution to the history of the stage or to theatrical criticism. It is somewhat of a scandalous chronicle. The stage lacks its Vasari. We can conceive the *Lives of the Players* so written as, like the *Lives of the Painters*, to combine with biography a history of the art of acting, a view of its various schools, and a criticism of the method and genius of individual performers. If the republication of Galt's volume suggests such a book, it will have contributed something more valuable than itself to our literature.

ARCHBISHOP PECKHAM'S REGISTER.—VOL. III.*

ALTHOUGH the larger part of this third and last volume of extracts from Archbishop Peckham's Register is devoted to

* *Registrum Epistolarum Fratris Johannis Peckham, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis*. Edited by Charles Trice Martin, B.A., F.S.A. Vol. III. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, and under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co.; Trübner & Co., &c.

editorial apparatus, it contains several letters of considerable interest. Some notices are given of the social condition of Wales, where the Archbishop appears to have adopted a policy that was at once firm and conciliatory. This is fresh matter, and is of great value. No one will grudge the insertion of the letters on the dispute between the Bishop of Lincoln and the University of Oxford, or the Ordinances for the reformation of Merton College; for, though they have been printed elsewhere, they are in their right place in this picture of the Archbishop's work. One special feature in his administration—the diligence with which he insisted on the observance of monastic discipline—receives some illustration here. Among the letters on this subject is one to the Abbess of Godstow, laying down certain rules which were rendered necessary by the dangerous proximity of her house to the University. Mr. Martin in his preface gives a summary of the most important matters referred to in the text, and ends with an elaborate record of all the writings of the Archbishop that he has been able to discover; every MS. is described, every edition is noted, and a short account is given of the contents of each treatise. As the letters he has printed in this and the two other volumes of the *Registrum Epistolarum* are only a part of the Register, he has added an abstract of the whole in an appendix. In short, he has neglected nothing that could add to the completeness of the work, and the industry and ability with which he has discharged his task are worthy of the highest praise.

A SIMPLIFIED GRAMMAR OF THE JAPANESE LANGUAGE.*

THIS work might have been written to serve as a frightful example of the evils which it was proposed to remedy by the present "Collection of Simplified Grammars." In his preface to the first volume of the series the late Professor Palmer proclaimed that the great object of himself and his fellow-workers would be to avoid the error of forcing all languages into the cumbrous grammatical framework usually adopted in the case of the Greek and Latin tongues. "All technical terms," he wrote, "are excluded, unless their meaning and application is self-evident; no arbitrary rules are admitted; the old classification into declensions, conjugations, &c., and even the usual paradigms and tables, are omitted." Disregarding the rules thus wisely laid down, the author of the work before us has not only adopted the whole system of European grammar, but has devised additional grammatical refinements which complicate rather than simplify the subject he desires to make plain. The chapter on the verb furnishes an instance of the burden which Mr. Chamberlain wantonly throws on the shoulders of students of his grammar. Instead of simply explaining that the Japanese verb is rather impersonal than active, and denotes merely a coming to pass; that the past and future tenses are marked by the addition of suffixes, and that its value is to be determined by the context; he fills forty pages with the paradigms and conjugations so abhorrent to Professor Palmer, and multiplies the moods and tenses until it makes one's head swim to wade through half a dozen pages.

Doubtless Mr. Chamberlain will contend that the native grammarians are responsible for all this; but it was in order to set us free from the vagaries of native and other writers, and to reduce the languages of the East especially to intelligible formulae, that the present series was projected. Students of Mr. Chamberlain's grammar will be at a loss to understand why, for example, the verbs are divided into four conjugations, and left, as Mr. Chamberlain leaves them, to their own unaided intelligence they will possibly imagine that the author has been led by a fancied similarity between the second and fourth conjugations of the Latin verbs and certain Japanese verbs having *e* as the penultimate vowel and others having *i*, and has numbered them accordingly. All he says on the point is:—"The 1st, 2nd, and 3rd conjugations include verbs of any number of syllables. . . . The 4th conjugation consists of . . . ten dissyllabic verbs only." Here, however, as elsewhere, he has followed the native grammarians, but unlike them, he does not give us his reasons for the faith that is in him. Hair-splitting is a favourite occupation with Orientals, and Japanese writers have exercised their ingenuity in classifying their verbs into four conjugations and their adjectives into two. The first conjugation of verbs is distinguished by having a base for the negative and future forms distinct from the root; the second and third conjugations comprise all passive and causative verbs, the roots of the verbs in the second conjugation ending in *e* and the third in *i*; and the fourth conjugation is marked by the base of the negative and future forms being the same as the root.

Starting with this classification, Mr. Chamberlain arranges his verbs in twelve moods, and the tenses of the indicative mood in what he calls their conclusive and attributive forms. By the attributive form he means the participial form in such expressions as "the coming man," i.e. "the man who is coming," and by the conclusive form the ordinary verbal form.

After the manner of native writers also Mr. Chamberlain conjugates adjectives with every elaboration of detail, entirely forgetting the analogous forms in European and other languages to which they should be attributed. He seems entirely to have forgotten that we have in Latin, for example, adjectives such as *niger*, black, and the verbs derived from it, *nigro* and *nigresco*,

* *A Simplified Grammar of the Japanese Language (Modern Written Style)*. By Basil Hall Chamberlain. London: Trübner & Co. 1886.

"to be or to become black." To provide, therefore, a paradigm of adjectives, and in it to conjugate the verb "to be early," is as unreasonable as it would be to class *nigro* and *nigresco* with adjectives because they are derived from *niger*.

Mr. Chamberlain is evidently an ardent supporter of the *Rōmaji kai*. We learn from an advertisement on the fly-leaf of his grammar that he is about to publish a "Romanized Japanese Reader," and not a single native character appears in the present work. We have no objection to his system, but it requires careful handling, and becomes infinitely confusing when, without any preliminary vocabulary or notes on syntax, we have, as on p. 17, a long closely-printed Japanese sentence filling two and a half lines without any indication as to the parts of speech to which the words belong, except in the case of three verbs which are not explained, and without any hint as to the syntactical arrangement by which, for example, the four last words of the text are represented by the three first words of the translation. Mr. Chamberlain does not seem to realize that his grammar is intended for the use of beginners, and he is so fascinated with the refinements of native grammarians that he reproduces for puzzled English students the linguistic vagaries of Kitanobe and other Japanese writers. As a volume of the "Simplified Grammar" series, the present work is a mistake. It is the reverse of simple, and will be appreciated only by those who are as well versed in Japanese as Mr. Chamberlain, and who share his liking for the subtleties of the Oriental mind.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL SURGERY.*

THE *Dictionary of Practical Surgery* is well adapted to attain the object set forth in the preface—namely, "to supply a want in the library of the busy practitioner . . . with the view of assisting him, as far as it is possible for a book to do so, in arriving at a correct diagnosis, on which suitable treatment must of course depend." For this purpose, it has several advantages over the various systematic works on surgery. In a book intended for the use of the initiated, many details which would be necessary to enable a student to understand the subject under consideration may be omitted, thereby securing greater brevity in the articles. The work being the product of numerous writers, it has been possible for the editor to obtain the assistance of those who, though far from being specialists in the narrow meaning of the term, have yet had special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the peculiarities of the morbid conditions which they describe. The alphabetical classification of the diseases gives great facilities for rapid reference, an important point for general practitioners, whose time is apt to be so fully occupied.

It would be useless to attempt, within the limits of this short notice, any detailed criticism of the individual articles forming the contents of this book; we may, however, without being invidious, draw attention to a few of them which appear to us likely to be of general interest. Mr. Marcus Beck's remarks on diseases and tumours of the breast are concise yet exhaustive. Mr. Edward Bellamy contributes a thoroughly practical article on the axilla and diseases of the scapula. Mr. Thomas Bond's description of the nature and result of railway injuries is very complete. Mr. R. Brudenell Carter, Mr. Henry Power, and Mr. Priestley Smith give us the results of their extensive experience in diseases of the eye. The aseptic (Lister's) method of conducting surgical operations is clearly described by Mr. W. Watson Cheyne. Dr. Dyce Duckworth discusses the pathology and management of cases of chronic rheumatic arthritis, and compares them with those of Charcot's disease. The symptoms of pseudo-hypertrophic muscular paralysis are graphically described by Dr. W. R. Gowers, and its pathology and etiology pointed out. The editor contributes a valuable paper on aneurism; and others on various diseases of the jaws. Mr. Hutchinson's remarks on syphilis are, of course, worthy of the closest attention. Diseases of the skin are ably discussed by Dr. Liveing and Mr. Malcolm Morris. Sir James Paget writes upon the morbid proclivities of old age in his usual masterly style. The surgical treatment applicable to the cure of cleft palate is considered in a clear and practical article by Mr. Thomas Smith. Mr. John Wood's contributions on hernia and malformations of the bladder summarize the knowledge gained by an acquaintance with such cases which is quite unique.

There are many other articles upon which we should like to comment if the space at our disposal would allow us to do so.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is but seldom that we give, or that we should be justified in giving, any prominent place in this article to a translation of an English work. What is, however, practically the second edition of the remarkable book which the Chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester produced six years ago on Etienne Dolet (1) is worthy of a place of honour for two reasons. First, it is, as has been said, practically a second edition, and not a mere translation, the author himself having added not a little new matter both of fact and discussion which did not appear in the English edition. Secondly, the book is of no small importance in the history of French litera-

ture itself, and no greater proof of this importance could have been given than the appearance of this version. For the French nation does not as a rule greatly trouble itself about foreign comments on any of its matters, and least of all on its literature. Mr. Christie is to be congratulated on being, and more to be congratulated on deserving to be, an exception to the rule.

There is, as any one at all acquainted with the matter would expect, a great deal of debatable matter, or matter not debatable at all, in M. de Lanessan's book on French colonies (2). That the author affects to dispute the existence of any understanding which could prevent France from annexing the New Hebrides, and that, by a really marvellous jumble of mistake and paralogism (for we do not suspect him of wilful misrepresentation), he tries to show that England in her colonies imposes differential duties on French products, need only be mentioned. Nor need we deal at length with his plan for providing each colony or group of colonies with a complete and independent naval and military establishment. It is sufficient to ask where he thinks, in the present state of French finance, the money is likely to come from? But his big book of a thousand big pages contains a vast amount of useful information, arranged with that clearness which is the boast, if not quite invariably the property, of French books of reference.

We have pleasure in announcing the appearance in the almost farthest East of Europe of a new political bi-monthly Review (3). The first number contains articles on a Central European Zollverein, on the Councils of the Emperors at Rome and Constantinople, and others. The print and paper of the new Review could hardly be improved.

M. Acolas's little treatise on Copyright (4) will be read with interest at this moment; though there may be some who will smile at the eminently French exordium, "S'il existe une chose qui appartienne en propre à l'homme, c'est assurément sa pensée."

We are glad to see two little books of French passages "at sight" for school use (5, 6). There is nothing so valuable as this practice, which has been only too slow in being generally introduced. Mr. Russell gives a brief vocabulary to each piece, which we think a mistake, and sometimes indulges in the cheap and superfluous etymology which Brachet's dictionary seems to have made quite a mania with editors of French books. Moreover, his equivalents are not always as exact as they should be. Thus, *biche* is not "deer," but "doe," or "hind." Mr. Harris's appendices of grammatical questions on the pieces are unexceptionable. It should be said in fairness that both books are not on the same level of difficulty, and that Mr. Russell's is intended for very junior classes, while Mr. Harris's would be suitable for the highest forms. Thus one is a kind of introduction to the other.

M. Sémézies (7) tells us in a pleasantly written preface how he planned his book in company with Pierre Loti and M. Pouillon some months ago. It is of a melancholy cast, telling generally how a most respectable family came, not by its own fault, to "dolorous death and departing out of this world." M. Sémézies's work wants to be a little more "fouillé," as they say now, both in style and design. *Les prétendants de Viviane* (8) starts with some scenes perhaps suggested by, though not stolen from, *Guy Mannering*, and its Breton touches help to sustain the comparison not dangerously but pleasantly, at least at the beginning. The end is melodrama. In *Jeu mortel* (9) there is much minute account of Parisian gaming. The central idea, which connects a gamester, his outraged wife, her mysterious lover, and the husband's supposed confederate the *croupier* of the gambling club, is rather ingenious, but the book is not very well worked out.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

UNDER the title *The "New Chum" in Australia* (Virtue & Co.) Mr. Percy Clarke records his impressions of travel in the colloquial and familiar style of the jaunty traveller, and is determinedly facetious at all times and seasons. He bestows all his jocularities on the reader, even though the quality of his humour is sometimes strained by its prodigality. Almost every sight and sound under the Australian sun provokes some odd exaggeration or parallelism, some smart antithesis or flippancy, which give a brisk and lively character to the narrative. Possibly this exuberance is due to the superior stir and movement of colonial life and the exhilarating influence of the climate of Australia, where the very pine-log on the squatter's fire "cracks its jokes and hurls its witty sparks far up the chimney." Unlike many books on Australia, Mr. Clarke's volume does not begin and end in Sydney or Melbourne. Of these cities and of Brisbane the author tells us nothing new; but his account of life in the Bush shows he has something more profitable to do than to correct the errors of former travellers. Vivid and definite are the pictures of life at a Bush station, with its cattle and sheep-runs, its exciting

(2) *L'expansion coloniale de la France*. Par J. L. de Lanessan. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Revue générale de droit et sciences politiques*. No. 2. Bucharest: Cretulesco.

(4) *La propriété littéraire et artistique*. Par E. Acolas. Paris: Delagrave.

(5) *Easy French Pieces*. By W. E. Russell. London: Rivingtons.

(6) *French Passages for Translation*. By W. H. Harris. London: Rivingtons.

(7) *L'étoile éteinte*. Par M. Sémézies. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Les prétendants de Viviane*. Par J. d'Etia. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Jeu mortel*. Par F. Oswald. Paris: Ollendorff.

* *Dictionary of Practical Surgery*. Edited by Christopher Heath, F.R.C.S. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1886.

(1) *Etienne Dolet*. Traduit de l'anglais de R. C. Christie par Casimir Stryenski. Paris: Fischbacher.

episodes of kangaroo-hunting and emu-shooting; and equally graphic are the sketches of squatters and stockmen, boundary riders and horse-breakers. In these descriptive passages and in the chapter on the Queensland sugar-plantations uncommon pictorial skill and force of presentment are displayed. The book is illustrated by the author with a number of tiny sketches, the best of which are the tail-pieces to several chapters. The sketch of Govett's Leap (p. 136) degrades that magnificent ravine to the character of a petty chalk-pit, and shows, in common with many of the remaining sketches, a curious insensibility to the value of line and the significance of perspective.

Mr. C. B. Clarke's *Speculations from Political Economy* (Macmillan & Co.) deals with economic subjects connected with taxation and the tenure of land, working out the problematical issues of certain propositions with a good deal of conviction and plausibility. Of these excursions into the speculative field those that treat of taxation and universal Free-trade are interesting for their suggestiveness. Untrammelled Free-trade is confidently supported, and there is opened out a glowing vista of the future of British trade, when all our ports shall be free and the revenue from Customs and Excise duties be abolished. In this direction Mr. Clarke's proposition tends to the simplification of taxation. The amount raised by duties would be replaced by a graduated Income-tax of sixteenpence in the pound on incomes down to 156*l.* per annum, without any reductions, while incomes of 1*l.* per week would pay eightpence weekly, and those of 2*l.* per week one shilling. It is argued that the poor man, who now pays no direct taxation, would "soon feel he gained by the change" in the reduced price of tea, beer, &c. This view of the matter is more satisfactory to the speculator in political economy than likely to be acceptable to the working-man. It does not discriminate between the obligation to pay and the voluntary contribution.

Some Personal Reminiscences of Carlyle (Alex. Gardner) is a reprint of contributions to the *New York Independent* by Mr. Andrew James Symington. These brief and fragmentary notes, though of slight biographical value, are sufficiently interesting to merit the attention of students of Carlyle.

A Working-Man's Philosophy, by "One of the Crowd" (Chapman & Hall), would be a little startling if it represented the aspirations of the educated mechanic. Judging from the lavish quotations in prose and verse, the author's philosophy is drawn from the writings of modern authors, and has a decided altruistic cast. Old faiths are ruthlessly demolished by our "working-man." "Adam and Eve," he tells us, "are, indeed, driven out from their garden not by an angel with a flaming sword, but by Mr. Darwin"; while "our poor old friend the snake has vanished also," and vanished "to the limbo of all other myths, solar or otherwise." It is not less lamentable than surprising that any thoughtful person in these days should deny the existence of our old friend, our "illustrious friend," as Hogg calls him.

Robert Burns, by a Scotchwoman (Elliot Stock), revives the old controversy of the "Auld light" party, and the moderate or "New light" party of the Scottish Church. The writer's fervid defence of the poet is only less gratuitous than her warm indictment of his biographers. Few persons, out of Scotland, believe that Burns satirized the "Auld light" presbyters through hatred of religion or personal spite. As to the so-called "misstatements" of Lockhart and Mr. Shairp, they do not amount to much, and cannot affect the judgment of any dispassionate student of the poet's life and writings.

The new volume of the "Camelot Classics," Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, and other *Essays* (Walter Scott), is edited by Mr. J. A. Symonds, who contributes a sympathetic and critical notice of the author.

Mr. William Jolly's *Flora Macdonald in Uist* (Perth: Cowan) is a brightly written biographical sketch reprinted from the *Scottish Church*. The enthusiastic tourist will find it a useful guide when visiting North and South Uist and Benbecula.

From *Good Words* and other periodicals the Rev. John Cave-Browne has collected a number of short stories entitled *Incidents of Indian Life* (W. H. Allen & Co.) Some of the more stirring of these tell of exciting episodes in various Indian campaigns, and all possess a certain picturesque force that engages the reader's interest.

Among our new editions are the third volume of Mr. John Morley's *Critical Miscellanies* (Macmillan & Co.); John Foster's *Essay on the Improvement of Time*, and other pieces (G. Bell & Sons); the Rev. J. G. Wood's *Common Objects of the Seashore*, in Routledge's "World Library"; the *Shah Námeh* of Firdausi, the abridged version of James Atkinson, edited by the Rev. J. A. Atkinson (F. Warne & Co.), and *Green Pleasure and Grey Grief*, by the author of "Molly Bawn" (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

We have received Part I. of the *Brighton College Register*, 1847-1863 (Brighton: Farncombe); *The History of the Society of Jesus*, by A. Wilmot (Burns & Oates); the *Mortality Experience* of the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia, compiled by Asa S. Wing, and published by the Company.

From Messrs. Clowes & Sons we have received the Handbook and Catalogue of the West Indies and British Honduras Courts in the Colonial Exhibition.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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